



No. 430.—VOL. XXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



MISS EDNA MAY, WELCOME BACK TO LONDON AS "THE GIRL FROM UP THERE."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

THE CLUBMAN.

The "Honours" Gazette—Their Majesties at Sandringham—Singapore—General von Schwarzhoff.

"WHAT will Buller's reward be?" has been a much-asked question of late in the military Clubs, and many wild guesses have been made as to the answer. Sir Redvers is very proud of being a simple country gentleman, and whenever he has the opportunity alludes to himself as being a farmer, and the title of Baron, had it been offered to him, might not have been altogether a welcome honour. The "G.C.M.G.," the highest grade of the great Colonial Order, which has been conferred on him, is an appropriate reward, for it implies a compliment to Natal as well. Sir George White, another recipient of the "G.C.M.G.," is often alluded to as "the saviour of Natal," and Sir Redvers Buller might well claim to be "the saviour of the saviour of Natal."

Every honour that custom sanctions has been distributed with lavish hand, and yet it has not been possible to include an enormous number of officers who have distinguished themselves greatly, and the friends of these officers are disappointed. In no British war have there been so many chances for the junior ranks to bring themselves to notice as there have been in this. Not a day passes but the gallantry or exceptional intelligence of junior officers, non-commissioned officers, or men is commented on by one of the Generals in the field, and their names are deservedly mentioned in despatches, but further reward is impossible, for the lists of honours have to be kept within bounds. Reading through the long columns of names published on Friday, all the more notable achievements of the campaign are recalled: the heroism of Ladysmith, the dauntless valour of the relieving force, the spirit with which the South African Colonies replied to the call to arms, the defence and relief of Mafeking, the raising of the "C.I.V." and the Yeomanry, the advance through the Orange River Colony, and the capture of Pretoria.

It is a very open secret of the Palace that Her Majesty Queen Alexandra much prefers Sandringham to Windsor, and Marlborough House to Buckingham Palace, and His Majesty is always happy when he can become for a time a simple country gentleman among his good neighbours of Norfolk. The Queen, who is devoted to her pet dogs, has their companionship at the country seat she loves, and her grandchildren at Sandringham are amongst surroundings they know and delight in; therefore, the present stay of the King and Queen at their country mansion is a real pleasure-trip, though the great boxes of correspondence which are forwarded to His Majesty are a proof, if one were needed, that, though subjects may leave their business troubles behind when they go holiday-making, a King knows no rest from work.

Singapore, the tropic island where, in the shelter of the great palm-edged bay, the royal yacht *Ophir* is lying, is a veritable Garden of Eden. It is a land of alternate sunshine and showers, for the average of rain is about an hour a day. The climate is not a very hot one at any time, and it is never cold. If the thermometer rises above 85 degrees at noon, the day is universally declared to be hot, and if at night the mercury drops below the 75 degrees, and the blanket which lies folded at the bottom of every bed has to be pulled up, the weather is considered bitterly cold.

Vegetation is profuse. The mangostine, pulled in the early morning from the tree and kept in the ice-box till luncheon-time, is one of the most delicious fruits of creation. It tastes like a mixture of grape and peach and plum, and is so delicate that even the short voyage to Madras or Calcutta spoils it, except in very rare cases. The dorian is a fruit which many of the dwellers in Singapore delight in and which the Chinamen especially give very large sums for. To me, the taste was that of cream thrust through a dirty gas-pipe, but I was despised by the dorian-eaters as a man of no taste. Along all the borders of the roads are beautiful wide strips of emerald turf, and the Botanical Gardens, in the midst of which is preserved a large patch of the primeval forest, rival those at Kandy in beauty.

The Malays are a most cheerful, smiling race. It is not beneath their dignity to groom a horse or to fish, and they make admirable syces, and sail their fragile boats with the greatest daring. To make love and eat fruit and curry is all a Malay really cares for, and the love-making often enough leads to the drawing of knives, for in Singapore and the islands of the Archipelago the Commandment against coveting a neighbour's wife is not very strictly observed. The Malayan curries, with fresh cocoanut pulp as their basis, are the most delightful that the world can show.

Major-General von Schwarzhoff, who went back into the blazing building at Pekin to save his little dog, and lost his own life by it, is supposed, the fall of a beam, was a soldier with an European reputation, and a great future was thought to lie before him. He was the German Military Attaché in Paris for some years, but it was at The Hague Peace Conference that he became known outside the circle of the German General Staff. Such excellent common sense was to be found in his speeches on the difficulty of fixing in any way the strength of the various Armies, or the time during which any proposed decrease should be made, that he practically took the lead amongst the adverse Continental critics of the proposals. The University of Königsberg conferred on him the degree of Doctor at the close of the Conference.

THE COAL, SUGAR, 1s. 2d. INCOME TAX, AND £60,000,000 LOAN BUDGET.

LORD GOSCHEN, looking down from the Peers' Gallery, and Sir William Harcourt, sitting near "C.B.," may have envied Sir Michael Hicks-Beach on account of the crowded and interested House of Commons which listened to his Budget speech on Thursday last, April 18. Neither of these statesmen ever made a clearer statement. Standing erect at the table, his tall, thin figure rarely moving, he spoke in a monotone and employed very few gestures. He never strikes the box as Mr. Gladstone struck it. By way of emphasis, he merely claps a closed fist on the open palm of the other hand, or raises aloft and then brings down to his side a long, lean arm. A glass of wine was placed in front of him, but he scarcely touched it.

THE BUDGET.

With an estimated deficit of 55 millions, the expenditure being set down at 187 and the revenue at 132 millions, the House of Commons was prepared for new burdens. Twopence is added to the Income Tax, making it 1s. 2d., exported coal is to pay a shilling per ton, and a duty is placed on sugar. The duty on refined sugar is fixed at 4s. 2d. per cwt., or rather less than one halfpenny per pound. By these charges the Chancellor expects to receive eleven millions sterling. He suspends the Sinking Fund once more, and, providing a large margin for war contingencies, he takes power to borrow sixty millions. The War expenditure, past and prospective, is put by the Chancellor at the enormous sum of 153 millions. It is admitted that no contribution towards it can be expected from the Orange River Colony, and that the Transvaal cannot pay anything for several years. But surely the prolific gold-mines should be made to relieve the heavily burdened British taxpayer!

ATTITUDE OF THE COMMONS.

There was a strange scene in the House during Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's comments on the War. With candour and vigour he dilated on its costliness, and warned the country about the growth of expenditure. In one passage he appeared to sneer at colleagues. He said it was easy for a Minister to obtain transient popularity by strong Navy and Army schemes, but, when he proposed new taxation, he had a very different reception. Such sentiments were enthusiastically applauded by Radicals, while Unionists listened in sullen dejection and amazement. Some of the Ministers themselves exchanged significant glances and whispers. According to Mr. John Redmond, Sir Michael was hitting at Mr. Chamberlain, but, of course, the Colonial Secretary is always the bugbear. In the criticism of the Budget, strong objection was taken by members interested in collieries and in shipping to the export duty on coal.

TIE FOR THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP.

WHAT is the explanation of the vast interest that is nowadays shown in connection with the final tie of the Football Association Cup competition? Nineteen years ago, when Blackburn Rovers visited the Oval, confident of beating the Old Etonians, but, being themselves defeated, had to burn the verses which had been written in honour of their expected victory, the numbers present certainly furnished no index to the experiences of later years. Last Saturday,

VISITORS TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE

exceeded in numbers all previous records, amounting to 114,815. Prodigious! Why all this excitement about the kicking or heading of a ball by twenty-two young men? Sheffield United and Tottenham Hotspur are the Clubs which met, but, while in the former team there is not a Sheffield-born man, no member of the "Spurs," as their admirers fondly call them, can claim Tottenham as his birthplace. This makes the question with which I started still more difficult to answer, and the only solution one can hazard is that the taste for competition in sport is on the increase. The summer brilliancy and warmth of weather lent some assistance, and there was the chance of looking on the reliever of Ladysmith, General Sir Redvers Buller, who was accompanied by Lady Audrey, like her brave and generous husband, beloved of Tommy Atkins, whose interests she never tires of studying.

But, after all, the game was the thing. Who could doubt it who watched that huge mass of humanity straining its eyesight in order that no point should be missed, and throwing itself recklessly into the cause of applause? And what a game it was! At least, for the greater portion of the time. After ten minutes of very fast play, Sheffield United scored a goal, and, as if fired by this reverse, the Southern team worked all the harder, and were at length rewarded. Then it became clear that the good wishes of the majority were with Tottenham Hotspur. Never were there such shouts. Half-time arrived with the score still at "One all," but when six minutes of the second portion had gone by the Southerners scored again, and the animation of that crowd was something to be remembered. The joy of the Southerner was not, however, of long duration. It lasted but a minute or so, and then the referee declared that the Tottenham Hotspur goalkeeper had failed in an attempt to clear his charge, at which there was, of course, much jubilation on the part of the Sheffielders. With this decision many of the crowd expressed their disapproval in noisy fashion. As no goal was obtained subsequently, the result was a tie, which is to be played off on Saturday next (April 27) at Bolton.

MISS EDNA MAY, WHO HAS RECROSSED THE BROAD ATLANTIC
TO APPEAR AS "THE GIRL FROM UP THERE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.



"THE GIRL FROM UP THERE."

THE sweet-faced and ditto-voiced Miss Edna May has long been so popular with London playgoers that when she arrived here from her native shores a few days ago, looking bonnier than ever, the warmth of her welcome then and on her histrionic reappearance was enough to prevent her appearing frozen at all, as she has to be early in "The Girl from Up There." Mr. Frohman's acting-manager, Mr. J. W. Mathews, who was found waiting on Liverpool's wonderful landing-stage to greet Mr. Frohman's new "Musical Comedy Company," had to welcome and to safely convey to London not only Miss May, but also a group of the best and brightest comedians ever exported by the now wholesale play- and player-exporting nation, America. And directly Mr. Mathews found all safe, he wired to the Duke of York's, from which house scores of sandwich-men at once sallied forth to announce by a word apiece the glad tidings to Playgoing London.

Pending a more detailed notice of the very latest American-made play, it may here be stated that "The Girl from Up There" has been devised—"written" is scarcely the word for this kind of "go-as-you-please" play—by the concoctors of "The Belle of New York," namely, Messrs. Hugh Morton and Gustave Kerker; also that the phrase "Up There" has not its usual celestial significance, but is meant for the Arctic regions. Indeed, it is at Polaria, two leagues from the much-sought Pole itself, that we first meet Olga, described as "the Ice-Maiden," just as in a once popular "blood-and-thunder" melodrama. Ere long, Olga, at first found as frozen as the most-frozen New Zealand mutton, is comfortably thawed and let down among some touring players known as the Aurora Borealis Opera Company. The sweet Olga—whose garments, it must be admitted, seem somewhat scanty for such a chilly and draughty neighbourhood—is presently made to understand that unless she, or those who "sponsor" her, can gain possession of a certain Mystic Goblet within a stipulated time, she will be unthawed and packed off back to Polaria.

It is the Ice-Maiden's adventures, amatory and otherwise, and the frantic chase for this precious Goblet and the efficacious wine for which it is used, that form the main incidents and humours of the piece. The said humours are exploited by such erratic folk as the Polarian President Smiley (played by Mr. Harry Davenport, long a London favourite in "The Belle of New York"); Skeets, a burglar after the cup, a character represented by the renowned American low-comedian, Charles T. Aldrich; J. Angostura Pickles, "a disagreeable man," enacted by Harry Conner, who created such a favourable impression at this very theatre in poor Charles Hoyt's six nights' London failure, "A Stranger in New York"; and Jack Hemingway, a handsome young explorer, impersonated by Mr. Farren Soutar, son of our own Nellie Farren and her husband, Mr. Robert Soutar, who has been stage-manager, playwright, and journalist, and is now a dramatic tutor. Other more or less important characters flitting around the North Pole, or Crackerib Crescent, on the Island of Kokoriko, or in Paris, are Bertie Tappertit, Captain of the Royal Guards; a Pirate King named Solomon Scarlet; and Phrynette, the Parisian prima donna without whom no American play seems to be complete. The last-named character is enacted by Miss Virginia Earl, an attractive lady who is one of the idols of the American "dude" playgoer. All the above-named characters, including some eighty lovely chorus-ladies—one of the damsels being named "Bobby Burns," after the fashion of our own Gaiety "Bob Acres" of yore—disport right merrily through the piece, which ends in Paris, that Heaven of all Good Americans. The scenes representing Polaria, the Island of Kokoriko, and a view of the Parisian Boulevards are very picturesque. Of the large company concerned, it may be said that not one is what the United States-men call a "Chaser"—a kind of artist specially engaged to drive lingering people out of the local "continuous" shows when the Management thinks that the patrons thereof have had quite enough value for money received. H. C. N.

Nottinghamshire men in London are invited to meet at the Hôtel Cecil at 5.30 p.m. next Monday, to consider the advisability of forming a Nottinghamshire Society in town. The Yorkshire, Devonian, Lincolnshire, and Kentish county associations have been so instrumental in promoting charity and sociability that *The Sketch* hopes that Notts men in London will be similarly successful.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Budget Sweepstakes—How it Affects "The Man in the Street"—The Problem of the Streets—Pattering with Piccadilly—The Fire Brigade—Gong.

THE Budget is one of those secrets which are secrets. Most secrets, or things which are told you in confidence, are known by every other man you meet; but the Budget is one of those very few things which does not get out before its time, and has a sort of sporting excitement about it. Beer, sugar, income-tax, spirits, coal, mineral-waters, and all the rest of the things which it was supposed might be taxed, lent themselves admirably to a sweepstakes. This year, Sugar romped in an easy winner, with a lead of a million and a-quarter over Income Tax, which was second, three millions in front of Coal. Beer, Bicycles, and Temperance Pop tailed off miserably, and were never in it from start to finish.

It is quite a mistake to imagine that the ordinary man does not feel the income-tax. He does feel it, and keenly too. He has not to pay a very large sum, perhaps, because he earns so little, but he enjoys the process of sending the money about as much as he would if he were placed in a cider-press and had the money literally squeezed out of him. Sugar won't hurt him. We don't eat much sugar nowadays, as we don't want to grow into Tichborne Claimants, but the tax has been

wrongly arranged. Colonial sugar ought to pay nothing, and the bounty-fed French and German rubbish ought to have had to bear a good deal heavier impost. As for exported coal, "The Man in the Street" is of opinion that the less coal is sold abroad the cheaper it will be in England. If the foreigners want good coal, they must pay for it; and as for steam-coal, which is used for shipping, and especially for men-of-war, its export ought to be absolutely forbidden. I remember, when there was a scare of war a year or two ago, the French laid up huge stores of South Wales coal for use against us if it should ever come to a fight. They can burn their own coal if they want to go to war with us.

The problem of the streets will never be solved until motor-traction is introduced. The horse is as much an anachronism as the elephant in a huge modern city such as London is. In addition to the dirt which is the inseparable accompaniment of horse-traffic, the fact that every vehicle has to be drawn by one or more horses doubles its length, and so reduces the capacity of the streets by one-half. A motor-car takes up just half the space of a four-wheeler, and is, besides, much more handy to steer. Several great firms have motor-cars about in the streets now, and "The Man in the Street" can see for himself how much less room they take up than a lumbering van drawn by two huge cart-horses. As soon as we get a proper scentless and noiseless motor, our streets will have double their present capacity without the need for pulling down a single house.

Meanwhile, they are talking of widening Piccadilly by taking a slice of the Green Park into the street. The mind of the local authorities must indeed be a marvellous thing. Where Piccadilly faces the Green Park there is no crush at all, and the road is quite wide enough for all requirements. The place where all the blocks occur is that stretch which extends from Walsingham House to Piccadilly Circus. There, on any afternoon in the Season, you may, from the top of a 'bus, observe the very finest and largest crush in all London, the City not excepted. If the wisacres neglect to widen this part of the thoroughfare, and throw a piece of the Green Park into the roadway lower down, the only result will be that the crowding will be greater than ever. It is the narrow neck which wants widening, not the part which is already the widest in Piccadilly.

Easter 1901 will be famous in the annals of "The Man in the Street" for an innovation in the procedure of the Fire Brigade. An electric gong has been placed on the fire-engines to give notice of the approach of the Brigade. This relieves the men of the duty of shouting, which, no doubt, they did very well, and which was a performance that always had attractions for the public. I always admired the manly voices of the heroes in brass helmets, but I pitied them when I heard them shouting.

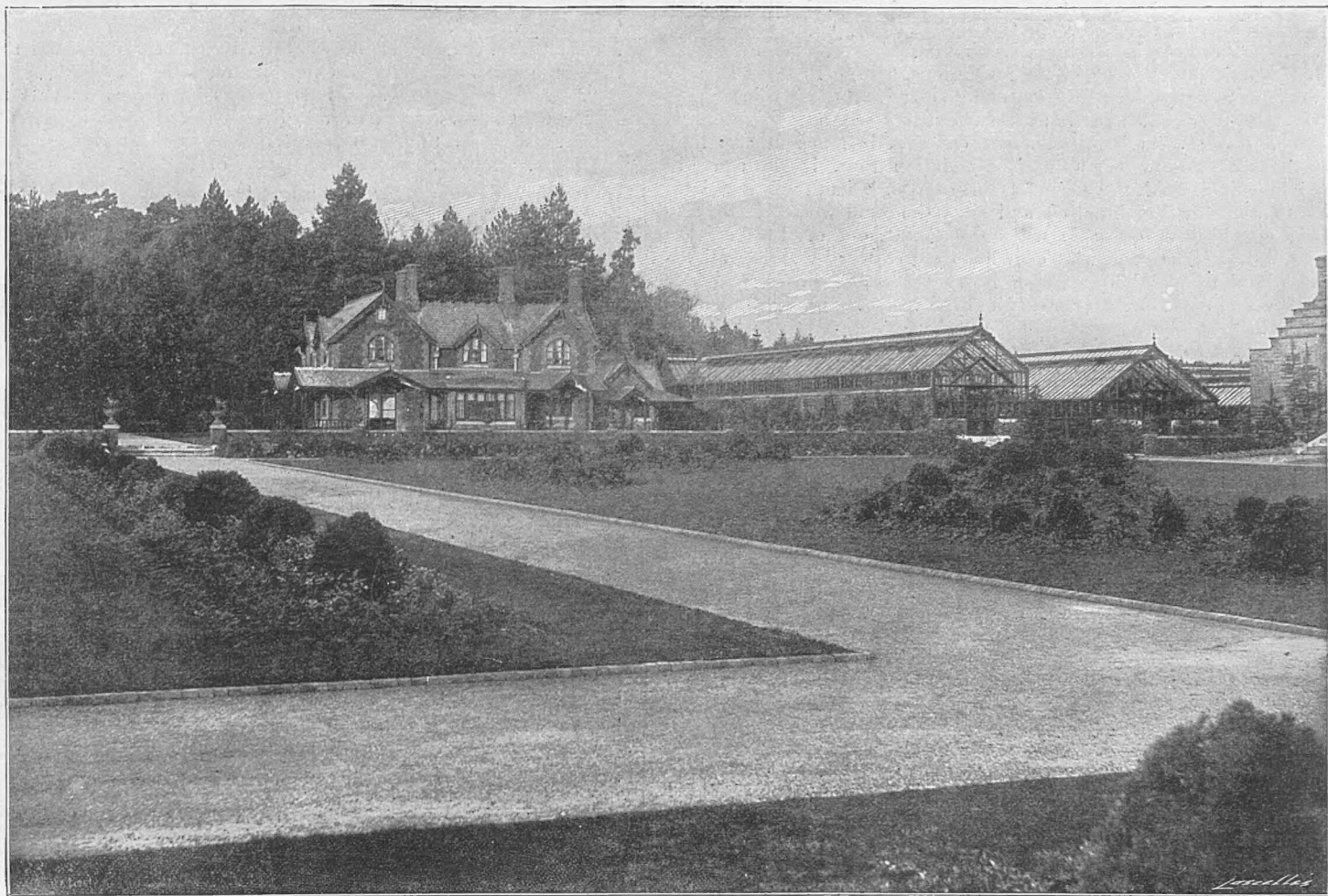
"THE SKETCH" SNAPSHOT.



LORD BEACONSFIELD'S STATUE AT WESTMINSTER DECORATED ON PRIMROSE DAY, APRIL 19.

THE KING AND QUEEN'S SPRING RETREAT: SANDRINGHAM.

From Photographs by Ralph, of Dersingham.



THE HEAD-GARDENER'S HOUSE AT SANDRINGHAM.



VIEW OF THE SANDRINGHAM FLOWER-BEDS.

"COUNT TEZMA," AT THE COMEDY.

IT is disappointing that an actor of Mr. Forbes-Robertson's standing and talent should produce such an unimportant play as "Count Tezma," a kind of aftermath of the Zenda series. Mr. Homer, the author, or Mr. Hartley. Manners, the claimant, or both, show no real title to tread in the footsteps of Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Edward Rose, and the piece, though, if treated unambitiously, it might be an effective melodrama, languishes in the higher atmosphere of comedy. One does not believe in the gambler-duellist officers, with their preposterous standard of honour, or the mysterious, flirting Princess Ilona—Princess of Timbuctoo, for aught one can guess; even the heroic Count's idea of honour would hardly pass current outside a gaming-house. Perhaps *The Sketch* is ignorant about debts of honour; at any rate, it can hardly swallow the Count's calculation that, if he can kill Valeski in a duel, Paul, the Count's contemptible friend, will not have to pay to anybody the hundred and sixty thousand florins he lost to Valeski; nor is it enthusiastic when the Count, out of love for the Princess, determines to cheat his own honour creditors by giving all his money to Paul to pay his gambling losses. Apparently, the audience was of the same view, for, after giving a grand reception to Mr. Robertson and to his bride, and after applauding warmly every effective scene and making an effort to encore a dance, it became gloomy and unamiable, and booed heartily an unfortunate gentleman supposed to have written the play. It is to be feared that no reasonable tinkering will render "Count Tezma" a really interesting play, and so the admirable acting of Messrs. Forbes and Ian Robertson and Mr. Frank Mills, and the pretty play of Miss Gertrude Elliott—who, however, hardly shows the progress one expected or skilful work—seem unlikely to give success to the new romantic drama.

THE QUEEN OF FLOWERS.

Queen Alexandra may claim to be the Queen of Flowers as well as the Queen of Hearts, for Her Majesty's flower-garden at Sandringham is one of the loveliest and most fragrant of pleasaunces, gay just now with sweet-smelling blossoms, including masses of exquisite violets. The head-gardener knows his Royal mistress's favourite flowers, and zealously caters for her taste, the Queen's chosen blossom being the lily-of-the-valley, of which is provided a constant succession. Queen Alexandra's garden is her own creation, and, after paying a visit to those household pets specially dear to her gentle heart, Her Majesty always wends her way drawn by the irresistible attractions of her beautiful, stately flower-garden.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS RACQUETS CHALLENGE CUP.

In the long series of competitions for the Public Schools Racquets Challenge Cup it is probable that no more meritorious win has ever been gained than that of Marlborough last Friday, April 19. A. J. Graham and L. E. Gillett represented the Wiltshire College, the first-named having also played previously. Their commencement was propitious, for they overthrew, in the first round, Malvern, the holders. They then met and defeated Harrow, the school which, in the old days, more often than not proved successful. Four games to one and four to love were the results in the respective matches. Against Wellington (S. V. P. Weston and G. R. Chichester) the strength and skill of the Marlburians were put to the severest test. The meeting between these schools furnished, indeed, the best match of the competition, though Marlborough won by four games to two, while in the match between Haileybury and Eton all seven games had to be played. The quality of the racquets was, however, superior, proof of this being conclusively afforded in the final, in which Marlborough beat Haileybury (S. M. Toyne and P. F. Reid) by four games to love, and so, for the first time, became holders of the Cup. Instituted at the old Prince's Club, the competition has, for many years past, taken place at the Queen's Club, West Kensington, where clear trebles, full baritones, and occasionally a light soprano mingle their voices, as of yore, in praise of a good serve or finish to a ball.

OPENING OF MRS. LANGTRY'S NEW THEATRE.

Whatever may be the ultimate fate of "A Royal Necklace," the much-talked-of Marie Antoinette play with which Mrs. Langtry has chosen to open her new theatre, it is certain that there are many interesting reasons for paying a speedy visit to the Imperial Theatre. Romance has for many years past been busy with the story of the celebrated French Queen and her equally celebrated "double," and, now that playgoers are invited to see the romantic tale played on the boards of a theatre, it is certain that very many will avail themselves of the opportunity. Then, again, there are the beautiful gowns from Paris, already photographed for and reproduced in *The Sketch* by special permission of Mrs. Langtry. There is the re-built, re-decorated, and re-furnished Imperial Theatre, a model of comfort, taste, and elegance. Finally, there is a cast containing the gallant Mr. Robert Taber, the accomplished Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, the beautiful Miss Lilian Braithwaite, and—the heroine of the occasion in every sense—the fair and fascinating lady manager. Mrs. Langtry has never known what it is to fail: her Imperial Theatre is going to be the greatest success of her career.

"LIGHTNING PROMOTION."

COMPARED with a very few years ago indeed, these are the days of lightning promotion in the Army. In fact, the War Office seems to be coming round to the Buonaparte idea—namely, that neither age nor length of service has anything to do with a soldier's fitness to occupy high military rank. Take, for example, the case of Lord Settrington, who, after *six months' service*, has just been gazetted to a Captaincy in the Irish Guards. If his future promotion comes to him at the same rate, there is not the slightest reason why he should not receive the bâton of a Field-Marshal before his fortieth birthday.

Another soldier to whom Fortune has been kind in this respect is Major G. C. Wilkinson, of the King's (Liverpool) Regiment. This officer, who joined the Army in March 1896, has been promoted to the rank of Major, although the senior Captain of his regiment has completed seventeen years' service to his five. It is only right, however, to state that Major Wilkinson's promotion has been specially granted him for gallantry in the field. In the memorable fight at Helvetia, a few months ago, he was isolated from the main body, and ordered by a superior officer to surrender to the enemy. This, however, he refused to do, and continued the defence of the position until the arrival of reinforcements compelled the enemy to retire.

LORD SALISBURY AND LADY GWENDOLEN CECIL.

Lady Gwendolen Cecil, the second daughter of the Prime Minister, and, except Lord Hugh Cecil, her youngest brother, the only unmarried child of Lord Salisbury, has, since the death of Lady Salisbury been in constant attendance upon her father, on whom the weighty burden of State affairs presses more heavily than is generally imagined. Lady Gwendolen, on whom the social side of Hatfield House practically devolves, accompanied the Premier to the Riviera. With a longer record than any of his predecessors as First Minister of the Crown, the venerable statesman, who has a peculiar fondness for his temporary home at Beaulieu, has benefited to a very considerable degree since he left England, and *The Sketch* joins in the universal hope of his countrymen that he may return fully invigorated for the duties of his exalted position.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The King and the Kaiser.

It is not generally known that the King has sent a very affectionate letter to his nephew, the German Emperor, thanking him in the warmest terms for his great kindness in attending the death and obsequies of Queen Victoria. This letter was despatched by special messenger to Berlin immediately after the departure of the Kaiser for his native land. There can be no doubt that our Sovereign and the Emperor are resolutely resolved on a policy which means the Peace of the World. We must not forget, as Chateaubriand (I think) said, "A King is worth in influence the double of a Queen." Anyway, the friendship of the two Emperors—for our King is an Emperor as well—promises well for the safety of humanity.

Her Majesty's Home-Coming.

Queen Alexandra's first home-coming as Queen of Great Britain and Ireland gave the good people of London an opportunity of testifying anew (Sunday though it was) their affection for Edward the Seventh's gracious Consort. Her Majesty will not be seen very much in town this spring, for, after a short stay at Sandringham, it is expected that the Queen and Princess Victoria will settle down at Frogmore House, where the charming suite of rooms so long inhabited by the Duchess of Kent has been re-arranged with a view to Queen Alexandra's occupation.

A Princess as Trespasser?

The Royal Borough has heard with mixed feelings the story of Princess Victoria's adventure with the Long Walk gatekeeper. Her Royal Highness is, as all the world knows, an enthusiastic cyclist, and, as the merry wheel is strictly barred in the Long Walk, the worthy old keeper, ex-Sergeant Green, a Crimean hero, held it to be his duty to bar the progress of an unknown lady cyclist whom he found trying to elude his vigilance. Good-nature personified, Princess Victoria very probably speedily relieved the keeper of his discomfiture when he learnt the rank of Her Royal Highness. Be that as it may, many votaries of the wheel will have cause to bless both Sergeant Green and Her Royal Highness if the little incident causes them to be henceforth treated with slightly greater courtesy by the gate-keeping fraternity.

Many Happy Returns of the Day.

To-morrow (April 25) Princess Victoria of Cornwall and York celebrates her fourth birthday. The little Princess, who was recently pronounced by a famous medical authority to be, on the whole, the most healthy child he had ever seen, has only four Christian names—from a Royal point of view, a very modest number. Victoria Alexandra Alice Mary is said to

rule the Royal nursery, and this although she has two brothers older than herself. Everything is being done to cause the young children of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to retain a vivid memory of the late Sovereign and of her unfailing kindness and interest in them. Needless to say, the Royal children are watching every stage of their parents' journey, and, thanks to this, Prince Edward is becoming quite a geography expert, no child of his age in the kingdom knowing more, for instance, of the British Colonies and Dependencies.

The King and Queen of Italy.

King Victor Emmanuel has just paid his beautiful Consort the greatest compliment ever offered to a Queen. Her Majesty's fair features, not those of the Sovereign himself, are to figure on the new Italian coinage. Queen Elena is the youngest and fairest of European Queen Consorts; but, though she took part, as Princess of Naples, in the greatest of British pageants, the Diamond Jubilee procession, her personality is very little known in this country. Few among the younger Royal ladies have had a more romantic life. It is an open secret that she was chosen, from among the many pretty daughters of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, to become Empress of Russia. With this end in view, Princess Elena was educated in St. Petersburg, and thrown much in the company of the then Cesarewitch; but, while cordially liking his parents' protégée, the future Emperor had already fixed his affections on his cousin, Princess Alix of Hesse. Fate, however, had another Crown in reserve for the lovely Montenegrin Princess. The then Prince of Naples, although the most confirmed of Royal bachelors, came to the Russian Coronation, saw, and was conquered! He pursued his future wife to Cetinje, and there, in her own mountain-home, wooed and won her.



VICTOR EMMANUEL III. OF ITALY, WHO HAS DECIDED THAT HIS QUEEN'S PORTRAIT SHALL BE USED ON ITALIAN POSTAGE-STAMPS.
Photo by Giacomo Brogi, Florence.

For some years after their marriage—in fact, till the tragic death of King Humbert—the Prince and Princess of Naples lived a very retired life, and little was known, even in Roman Society, of the future Sovereign and his Consort. Now, however, the King and Queen are both loved and respected, all the more so because they do all in their power to help the very poor groaning under the weight of excessive taxation. Indeed, King Victor Emmanuel has cut down all unnecessary expense connected with his Court, and he and the Queen inhabit, when in the Capital, a pretty villa in the Palace grounds, instead of the splendid suite of Royal apartments in the Quirinal, now used only on certain State occasions. It is, however, in the Quirinal that the new Prince of Naples or Princess of Savoy will make its first appearance, an event awaited with the utmost impatience, as the King's heir-presumptive is his first-cousin, the Duke of Aosta, whose Duchess, a Princess of the House of Orleans, is not so popular in Italy as is the Queen. The next great event in Italy will probably be the Coronation, which will take place after the year of Court mourning is concluded, and which will be attended by all the Heirs-Apparent of Europe, including the Duke of Cornwall and York, should he at the time be back from the Royal Colonial tour.

A New Court Appointment.

Lord Farquhar, the new Master of the King's Household, has long been one of the most popular personalities in general society; not only is he, in popular parlance, "the best of good fellows," but he is a shrewd man of business, a one-time partner of the famous firm of Sir Samuel Scott and Co., a Director of Parr's Banking Company, and he turned the London Municipal Society from a comparatively insignificant group of individuals into a great and powerful organisation. In the days when he was one of the most eligible bachelors in the great London world, he acted as best man to the Duke of Fife, this being the first time that a commoner had held such a position at a Royal wedding. His friend's example was, however, quickly followed by him, for six years ago he married Lady Scott, the clever and good-looking mother of Sir Samuel Scott and of a group of pretty daughters which includes Mrs. Philip Green and Lady Marsham. Lord and Lady Farquhar, while owning one of the handsomest houses in Grosvenor Square, are never so truly happy as when entertaining a large house-party of friends at Castle Rising, the more so that he has never allowed his many business avocations to interfere with his love of sport. It is hard to see how the King could have made a better choice, for the Master of the King's Household requires much business knowledge and a good head for figures as well as an urbane manner.



THE QUEEN OF ITALY, WHOSE BEAUTIFUL FACE WILL FOR THE FUTURE ADORN THE ITALIAN COINAGE.
Photo by Giacomo Brogi, Florence.

The German Emperor.

The Kaiser, despite his great amount of official work (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*), succeeds in finding time to inspect the various edifices in course of building and the different centres of art and learning. It was only the other day that His Imperial Majesty paid a long visit to the Technical High School, where he showed special interest in a machine driven by means of sulphuric acid instead of by steam, as also in various experiments for testing the solidity and resisting power of iron. On April 15 he inspected the new Cathedral, which will presumably not be finished till the end of next year; it is a large white building of architectural simplicity, and stands out well on the side of the canal. It looked especially beautiful some months ago, when the whole of that part of the town was illuminated in honour of the coming-of-age of the Crown Prince, the brilliant splendour of the white stone changing alternately into red, scarlet, and blue, according to the colours thrown by the fireworks. A new device is being tried for the staining of the windows of the Cathedral, consisting of a three-fold layer of colouring. The Emperor intends to proceed to the North, as usual, this year in his yacht, the *Hohenzollern*.

The Emperor's Sons.

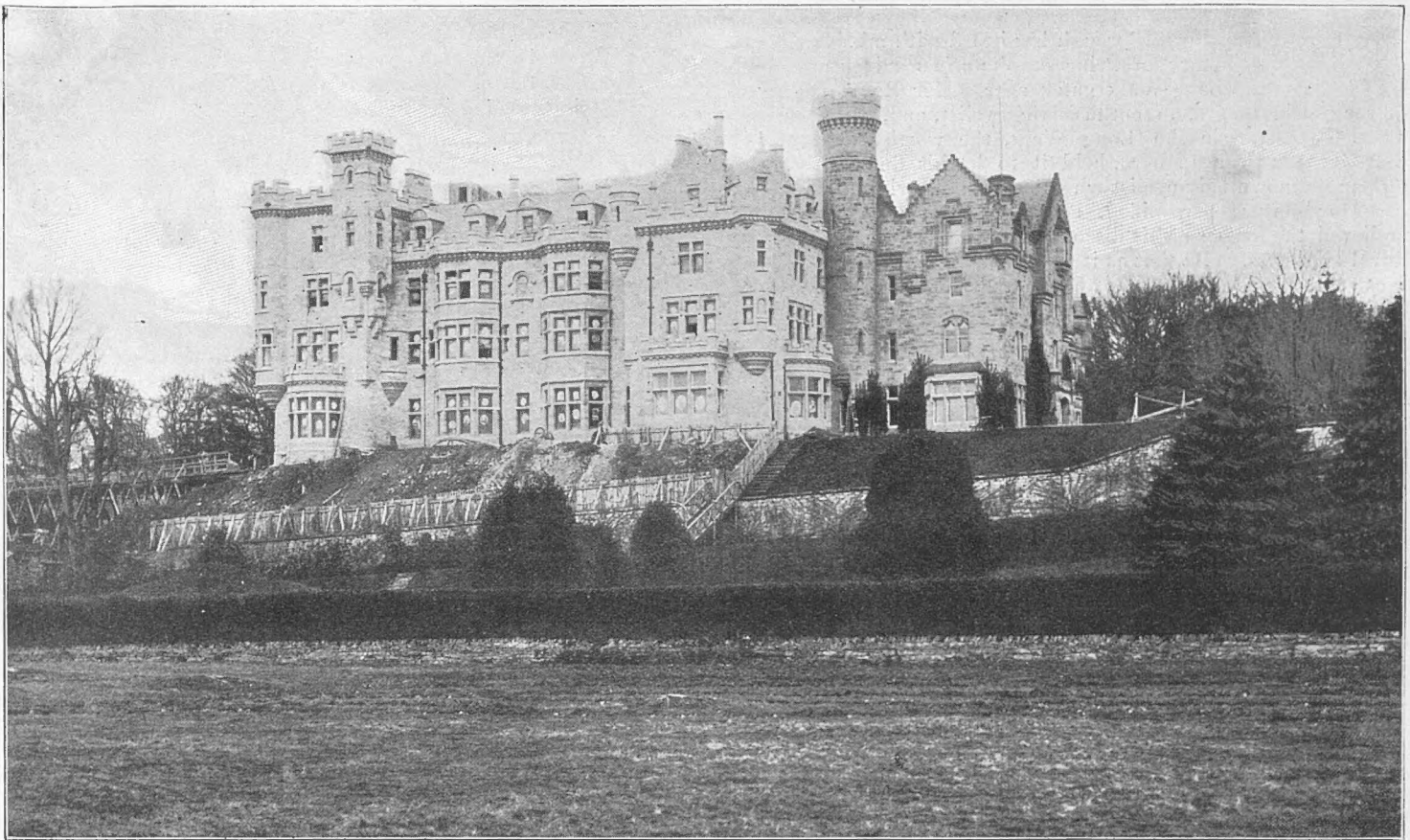
While the German Crown Prince is being accorded a right royal reception at the Austrian Court, and is evidently having what an English boy of the same age would call a high old time, Princes August Wilhelm and Oscar have arrived at Ploen with their mother. Prince Eitel Fritz will remain there

A Hint to the Rich.

The head of a West-End business writes to me: "The War in South Africa and the Queen's death have had a terrible effect upon musical business. I do not know what the coming Season will be like. It will not be against good form to have small parties with music, and the Upper Classes might help artists a great deal more than they do. But, with honourable exceptions, many hostesses and rich Clubs expect artists to give their services for nothing, whilst others are mad on 'Bridge.'" Well, I feel sure readers of *The Sketch* will hasten to bridge the difficulty by paying the musicians they invite to entertain their friends.

The late Mrs. Marshall.

Type of a number of gentlewomen who do good by stealth and blush to find it fame, the late Mrs. Marshall was beloved not only by the members of her large typewriting establishment, but by all who had the pleasure of being associated with her in any way. There is so much ingratitude in this world that I have found it quite refreshing to receive such hearty tributes to the memory of this good woman. Numbers must cherish kindest recollections of Mrs. Marshall for her generous assistance at the moment when help was most needed. She started as a typewriter in Chancery Lane, where she "typed" in beautiful style a drama of mine, but she had lately been in partnership with a similarly estimable lady, Mrs. Callard, of 126, Strand, centre of a very flourishing typewriting business. Mrs. Marshall was notable for her public spirit. She was, indeed, as remarkable in her way as that shining light of the



SKIBO CASTLE, MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE'S HIGHLAND RESIDENCE IN SUTHERLANDSHIRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. THOW, EDINBURGH.

till his eighteenth birthday—that is to say, till July 7—and will then enter the Army, while his brothers will remain for some time at Ploen, where they will continue their studies under the supervision of Major von Gontard.

Mr. Carnegie's Highland Castle.

For over a year, Skibo Castle, Mr. Andrew Carnegie's residence in the Scottish Highlands, has been in the hands of a large staff of workmen. The Castle has been transformed at a cost of about forty thousand pounds, and is now practically a new building, very much enlarged and suited for the favourite dwelling of a multi-millionaire and a Steel Trust magnate. A new hall has been constructed, with a white Sicilian marble staircase and elaborately panelled ceiling. The drawing-rooms, boudoirs, and library are especially handsome in fibrous plaster decoration. Oak has been extensively used in the finishing of the other public rooms. The gun-room, which is placed under the billiard-room, is twenty-five feet six inches by twenty-one feet, with an outside entrance for the gillies. The roof of the tower is flat, and from here a magnificent view is had. The Castle stands high and the front elevation has an imposing effect miles away. As Skibo is out of the workaday world—it is five miles from Dornoch, in Sutherlandshire, which, in turn, is six miles from a railway-station—barracks were erected for the workmen, and a temporary bridge, one hundred and twenty feet long, had to be thrown over a ravine to facilitate communication. Swimming-baths and private baths are to be erected on the seashore. Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie and family arrive at Skibo shortly.

London School Board, Mrs. E. M. Burgwin, organiser-in-chief of "Dagonet's" *Referee* dinners for the poor waifs of London. It was Mrs. Marshall who founded the National Union of Typists, which has done a great deal to raise the standard and station of typewriting; and this lamented lady was also a member of the Women's Liberal Federation, and an Examiner of the Society of Arts. Her friends were led to believe that this busy worker, one of the most generous of her sex, suffered from dyspepsia, but learn, to their grief, that her last days were rendered painful by the growth of two large tumours. Surely, medical science might have saved this precious life with proper diagnosis and care!

The late Miss Alice Barnett.

The deaths of Sir Arthur Sullivan and of Mr. D'Oyly Carte have been closely followed by that of the original "Lady Jane" in "Patience," occurring just as that delightful opera is being withdrawn to make room for "The Emerald Isle." Those older playgoers who remember the first performances of "Patience" and "Iolanthe" in the then new Savoy—at that time the only really up-to-date theatre, with its softly shaded electric-light globes and tapestry curtain—will call to mind the fine voice and commanding presence of the first "Lady Jane," in such striking and ludicrous contrast to the dapper Bunthorne of Mr. George Grossmith. Miss Barnett was a granddaughter of Henry Kemble, and grand-niece of John Philip and Charles Kemble and of the famous Mrs. Siddons. She was originally trained for the concert-platform by Lady Macfarren, and showed the effects of her early tuition by her splendid singing of the recitative and burlesque ballad in the opening of the Second Act of "Patience."

Marquis of Exeter's Wedding.

In the quaint old-world church of Wensley, Yorkshire, on April 16 there was a distinguished and fashionable gathering, the occasion being the wedding of Thomas William Brownlow Cecil, fifth Marquis of Exeter, and the Hon. Myra Rowena Sibell Orde-Powlett, only daughter of Lord and Lady Bolton. The ceremony, performed by the Bishop of Ripon



THE HON. MYRA ORDE-POWLETT
(ONLY DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY BOLTON). MARRIED TO THE MARQUIS OF EXETER
ON APRIL 16 AT WENSLEY, IN YORKSHIRE.
Photo by Nichols, Stamford.

and three other clergymen, was a most impressive one, and the charming bride, who was given away by her father, looked very sweet in her simple wedding-robe of white mousseline-de-soie trimmed with tulle, the skirt ornamented on one side with horseshoes of orange-blossoms tied with white satin ribbon. But her Court-train was the envy of many a fair lady present; it was composed of a priceless and most beautiful piece of old Brussels lace, and was edged all round with a quantity of soft white tulle having the appearance of sea-foam.

Train-Bearers and Bridesmaids.

Little Master Willie Orde-Powlett and Miss Elaine Orde-Powlett (nephew and niece of the bride) carried her train, the former looking brave in a miniature Yorkshire Yeomanry Hussar uniform, and the latter in a frock and large hat of white muslin. Following them came six bridesmaids—Lady Florence Bridgeman, the Hon. Theresa Fitzwilliam, Miss Kathleen Orde-Powlett, Miss Jean Drummond, Miss Sybil Dawnay, and Miss Mary Cathcart—who looked well in their soft white dresses and large black picture-hats, while to each Lord Exeter gave a gold wheat-ear brooch bearing a spray of forget-me-nots in pale-blue enamel and the initial "E" in diamonds. Sir George Whichcote, Bart., supported his cousin as best man. After the ceremony the army of wedding-guests adjourned to Bolton House, where, beneath a great marquee erected upon one of the lawns, a brilliant reception was held, and, later, the Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter left for the bridegroom's seat, Burghley House, near Stamford, which recalls the delightful Tennysonian legend, "He is but a landscape painter, and a village maiden she," brought out as a true statement of the history of the marriage of the first Marquis of Exeter, which is, briefly, thus: In 1790, Henry Cecil (after successfully divorcing his wife) took the name of John Jones and retired to a small village in Shropshire, where he fell in love with Sarah Hoggins, the daughter of his landlord, who, like himself, was working as a labourer. Sarah married him as John Jones the labourer, but two years later he succeeded to the title and estates on the death of his uncle, the Earl of Exeter.

Exit the Bachelor Marquis.

Curiously enough, till a few days ago Lord Exeter and the Marquis of Headfort were the only marriageable Marquises in the Upper House. Lord Exeter, unlike his father, who died before succeeding to the title, is no politician, but he is an enthusiastic sportsman, and perhaps the best

all-round athlete in the Peerage. It is said that he cherishes the ambition of reviving the Stamford Races, which owed their being to one of his ancestors. In any case, it is likely that he will in time become famous, as was his grandfather, as a breeder of racehorses. It would be difficult to find a more ideal place for a stud-farm than the estate where so many mid-Victorian favourites were born and bred. At one time the elder branch of the Cecil family was immensely rich, and, had they retained their London property—on part of which, by the way, the Gaiety Theatre now stands—the present Lord Exeter might now have been even better off than his new cousin, the Duke of Westminster.

"Burghley House by Stamford Town."

The fine Elizabethan mansion where Lord and Lady Exeter are spending their honeymoon is some ninety miles from London, and during the last forty years it has become quite a noted spot owing to the number of Tennyson-lovers who there wend their way, for there are few of us who are not familiar with the pretty verses which described the then Lord of Burghley taking home his peasant Countess—

And while now she wonders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
"All of this is thine and mine!"
Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free;
Not a Lord in all the county
Is so great a Lord as he.

Burghley and its Traditions.

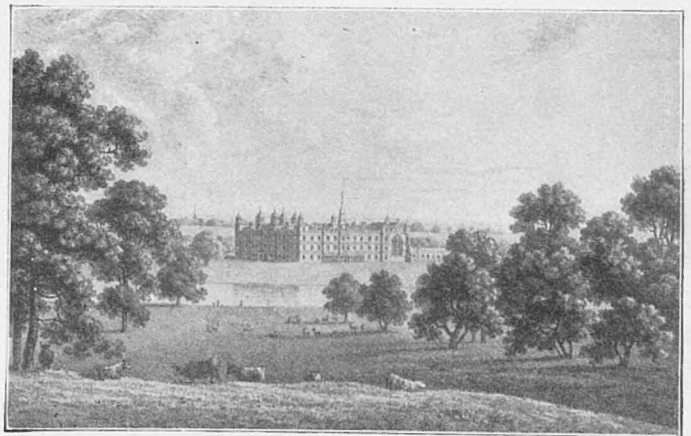
The eldest son of this romantic Peer, who in course of time became second Marquis of Exeter, was during his own day known as one of the greatest sportsmen in the kingdom—indeed, his colours, blue and white stripes, were known on every racecourse, though, to his deep sorrow, he never managed to win the Derby. During the lifetime of the second Marquis, Queen Victoria paid a visit to Burghley, and it need hardly be said with what interest the Sovereign saw a spot so intimately associated with the various great phases of English history, for Burghley was the favourite home of the great founder of the Cecil family; there, Queen Elizabeth was more than once splendidly entertained, and an oak planted by her is still hale and hearty, while among the many historic treasures now in the possession of Lord Exeter is the golden basin and spoon used at the Virgin Queen's Coronation.

The New Lady of Burghley.

Young Lady Exeter will form an interesting and charming addition to the roll of British Peeresses, of which her own mother has so long been a distinguished ornament. Lord and Lady Bolton are immensely popular in Yorkshire, and the affection felt for them has naturally been extended to their only daughter, the more so that, as Miss Myra Orde-Powlett, Lady Exeter had all the love of sport and outdoor life which should distinguish every true Yorkshire woman. By his marriage, Lord Exeter becomes related to some of the most charming women in English Society, including his wife's aunts, Lady Bradford, Lady Zetland, and Lady Grosvenor; while among his first-cousins by marriage are Lady Beatrice Pretymann, Lady Dalkeith, Lady Helen Molyneux, Lady Shaftesbury, Lady Milton, and last, not least, the Duke of Westminster.

St. George and Merrie England!

A particularly charming Society wedding—that of Lady Helen Craven, the clever literary sister of Lord Craven, and Mr. Ian Forbes, one of the most brilliant of young Scottish soldiers—was appropriately fixed for St. George's Day. The Duke of Cambridge, who is President of the Society of St. George, takes the keenest interest in its doings, and has done all in his power to encourage the worthy celebration of a day which should play a greater part in our imagination than it has so far done. It is rather unfortunate that the day falls not in



BURGHLEY HOUSE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, THE MARQUIS OF EXETER'S SEAT.

leafy June, but in showery April, for, while it is all very well for florists' shops to exhibit the Society's cards, with the words, "Wear the rose; St. George's Day is England's Day," very few people can afford to so decorate themselves. One great charm of the "dear little shamrock," and which has undoubtedly contributed to its popularity, is

its extreme cheapness. At the great banquet, however, held last night at the King's Hall of the Holborn Restaurant all those present wore the Royal flower. The Society of St. George can boast of many notable



THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD WINS THE WATERFORD HUNT POINT-TO-POINT RACE ON HIS HORSE DRAKE, AND INSTANTLY DISMOUNTS.

Photo by Poole Waterford.

members, including personages as widely different as the Lord Chancellor, the new Bishop of London, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and General Sir Redvers Buller. George is a true English name, and the fact that the slayer of the dragon is the Patron Saint of the Duke of Cornwall and York should not be forgotten by Britons.

Well done, Lord Waterford! Irish sportsmen and sportswomen gathered in force at the Waterford Hunt Point-to-Point Races, and the overlord of that part of the world entertained his friends and neighbours at Curraghmore House on a scale which recalled the great hospitable traditions of the Beresford family. The course at Carroll's Cross is admirably suited to these kind of races, and unbounded enthusiasm was aroused when it was seen that Lord Waterford, who himself rode his fine hunter, Drake, was winning, the more so that this was the first time that those present, who included Lady Waterford, had seen his Lordship win in such a contest. In spite of the fact that so many gallant Irish sportsmen are now at "the Front," it was generally considered that the Waterford Hunt Point-to-Point Races had never been more brilliantly successful, particularly as the Clerk of the Weather proved propitious.

The Grimstons. The coming of age of Viscount Grimston, eldest son of the Earl of Verulam, recalls the fact that, although the Grimstons claim descent from Sylvester de Grimston, standard-bearer to William the Conqueror at the Battle of Hastings, yet their true ancestral name is Luckyn, they being descended from one, William Luckyn, M.P. for St. Albans, whose grandfather married a Miss Grimston. This Mr. Luckyn assumed his grandmother's maiden name, and was created an Irish Peer, with the titles of Viscount Grimston and Baron Dunboyne. It was not until nearly seventy years later that an English peerage was conferred, and in 1815 the Earldom of Verulam, to which was added by inheritance the Scottish Barony of Forrester of

Corstorphine, one of Charles the First's creation. Mr. Kendal, the actor, is a member of the Grimston family. The present Lord Grimston is among the few of his race educated at Eton, nearly all the Grimstons, including the famous "Bob," of cricketing fame, having been Harrovians.

Hafiz Abdul Karim.

That learned pundit, Hafiz Abdul Karim, is about to return to his native country. He was the instructor in Hindustani of Queen Victoria, and, as preceptor to Her Majesty, he certainly occupied an unique position. Unfortunately, he was never popular with the other members of the Royal Household, not because of his race, but by reason of his desire to pose as the principal adviser of the Queen. Yet he taught Her Majesty not only the language of her far-distant subjects, but also gave her a clearer insight into the ways and means of India than any Englishman could have done. In fact, the Munshi did more to bring Great Britain and Hindustan together than any Governor-General. Therefore, we may forgive him his tenacity with regard to the appointment of his brougham, and wish him God-speed on quitting our land.

The house set apart by the Kaiser for his eldest son during his residence at Bonn was originally the property of a millionaire named Fritz Koenig. It is a magnificent building, with lovely terraces overlooking the Rhine, with the hills of the Siebengebirge beyond. The higher storey is intended for the use of Prince Bittel Fritz, who, it is rumoured, will likewise visit Bonn in the coming winter. The garden attached to the house possesses exquisite flower-beds and greenhouses, and also a tennis-ground. The stables behind are large enough to accommodate as many as ten horses, and the carriage-houses hold six carriages. It is expected that all will be ready by the end of this month; the furniture is already beginning to arrive.

A Democratic President.

President Loubet, having dined off the Duke of Genoa's gold plates at Toulon, returned to Paris (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent in gay Lutetia) with the Collar of the Annonciade in his pocket (rolled up in the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour), which makes him cousin of the King of Italy. Drawing after him the high officials of the Élysée, he stopped to embrace his old peasant mother, waiting in the farmhouse at Montélimar, and gave France by this means an illustration of what a democratic President may be. The old lady, his mother, is eighty-six, and the fêtes of Toulon were days of anxious suspense to her, remembering President Carnot lost his life on a trip to the South.

M. Loubet's Birthplace.

Montélimar, where the French President was born, is a little dead-and-alive village between Marseilles and Grenoble. When M. Loubet is there, the tricolour floats over the modest dwelling he occupied when he was still Mayor of the village. Near by is Grignan, known as the residence of Madame de Sévigné, whence she dated some of her famous letters. Her château is still to be seen. At Grignan, M. Loubet's brother exercises the profession of country doctor.

M. Loubet's Children.

M. Loubet's three children are educated with the same simplicity of manners. His married daughter, Madame de St. Prix, and his grown son, M. Paul Loubet, are devoted to their grandmother, to whom they pay frequent visits. The last-named was finishing his University studies at the time of his father's election. It is probable that he will go in for politics or a diplomatic career. Master Émile Loubet, nine years old, is in the hands of an English governess, with whom he speaks English as glibly as if it were his mother-tongue.



MISS VIOLET LLOYD AS "THE MESSENGER GIRL," AT THE GAIETY.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.



Photo by K. Schlesinger.

[See Article on Pages 28 and 29.]

BEHIND THE SCENES AT COVENT GARDEN: PART OF M. BESSERVA'S STAFF AT WORK IN THE FITTING-ROOM.

Paris s'Amuse. There is a Cookery Show going on in Paris. It was inaugurated not by the President, but by Madame Loubet, and this because it is assumed to be a woman's affair. But more than half the cooks in France are men. Once a year in Paris the subject of cooking is brought to the front. Many pretend the art has declined, and to give it a stimulus the *Figaro* has just instituted a



MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT (MRS. FORBES-ROBERTSON), WHO PLAYS ILONA IN "COUNT TEZMA," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

series of prizes for the best recipes, and the experiments of the jury are bound to keep Paris amused for a fortnight. Meantime, the Cooking Show is as fashionably frequented as a Salon of pictures, and at certain hours the crush is almost as great. One sees there, among other things, kiosks and villas and steamships of sugar-candy and lard; and, among the new dishes, "Quo Vadis entremets," "Loie Fuller sardines," &c.

England's French Champion. It is only common fairness (continues my Paris Correspondent) to say that Mrs. Emily Crawford is in no way connected with the attack by the *Daily News* on Yves Guyot. As Paris Correspondent, she must have regarded with wonder the determination of Guyot, *coûte que coûte*, his unflinching action, in the face of a brainless, noisy mob, in proclaiming that England was right in resisting the pretensions of Kruger and Steyn. It cost him everything, and just at the moment of writing I hear that he has consented to accept a souvenir from the English Liberals of the Cobden school, who propose to give to honour him, believing, as he says, "that it will be the last souvenir of the old English Liberalism." Guyot is a level-headed Frenchman, who admires England, and stands head and shoulders over Pressensé, the Editor of the *Temps*, whose Anglophile ideas are as vague as the weather of an April afternoon. I met Guyot frequently during the Dreyfus case, and I found him one of the most charming men that I have ever seen. He was no fanatic. His idea was that Dreyfus had been tried under conditions unfavourable to his cause. He had the same idea of the Transvaal War, and he studied out the whole question with judicial precision, and gave his verdict in favour of England.

Guyot's Sacrifice. During the 1889 Exhibition the great French journalist was Minister of Public Works, and it was due to him that the Show was a colossal success. Last year, had he not persisted in his defence of England, a place would have been found for him in the Cabinet, and under his direction the Exposition might have been written down a success. But nothing could tempt him, and he stuck to the Dreyfus and English guns, believing that he was fighting a just fight. Every Englishman in Paris would be glad to see if some civic or University degree could be conferred upon him.

The Kolb Mystery. Since the days of Pranzini no crime has stirred Paris to the extent of the attempted murder of Mdlle. Kolb by the Australian criminal, Henry Gilmour. She carried, I should say, more jewels in the Bois de Boulogne than any other frequenter. On a

sunshiny day at Armenonville there was a positive halo about her; and at the Pré Catelane, at five o'clock in the morning, after a broiling summer's night, I have seen her in the famous cow-shed in the Bois drinking the fresh milk with some of the most famous men and women in Paris. Her mania for displaying all her jewellery was undoubtedly her ruin. Few women could dress as she could, and she adapted herself to the passing craze very easily. Some of the Trinity College Football team who played at the Parc des Princes on Easter Monday may have noticed a lady in flaming red. That was Mdlle. Kolb. Maître Frédéric Allain, who will defend the mysterious "Smith," is the best-known and most eloquent Anglo-Franco barrister in Paris. He was born in New Orleans. In his pleadings he resembles Mr. C. F. Gill, as I remember him twelve years ago. Paris breakfasts on horrors. The attempt on the life of Mdlle. Kolb was swiftly followed by the shooting of Madame Lascher-Englander at Passy by a rejected admirer, Ferdinand Ernst.

Patti and Fame. Friend Alphonse Lemonnier, who is the John Hollingshead of the Paris Press, tells an amusing story about Patti, whose appearance at the Gaité has been the feature of the spring season. In 1861 he was employed as principal critic and, in addition, debt-collector for *Le Théâtre*. The Editor gave him a list of three hundred and fifty artists, and instructed him how to treat them. Those who subscribed for one copy were to be left alone and not attacked; those who subscribed for two copies were to be favourably considered; but in regard to those who owed their subscription to the journal he was to be merciless, and, in the case of actresses, always to suggest that they were showing signs of age. Against Adelina Patti's name was written: "ADELINA PATTI, Italian singer. Subscriber for four. Never too many puffs. Find the means to speak of her frequently either in Theatrical Small Talk or in articles." Lemonnier tells of how he had to wait for an hour in a side-room listening to the diva singing, and the abject misery he felt when, after she had thanked him for his chronicle, he had to search for white lies about a dead cashier in order to excuse himself for being a miserable debt-collector.

Pipe and Parisian. When Félix Faure was President, and had some vague idea that he should found a dynasty, he was photographed with a curved briar-root pipe in his mouth. It set a fashion, and to-day in Paris the pipe has become a craze.

Mr. and Mrs. Forbes-Robertson's Return. Welcome back to Mr. Forbes-Robertson and his charming bride, Miss Gertrude Elliott, who have entered upon a period of London management at the Comedy Theatre. On an earlier page of this Number will be found a notice of the new play, which is entitled "Count Tezma," and written by Mr. A. N. Homer. As a last word, it only remains for me to wish this talented and much-admired couple the prosperous and happy season that they so well deserve.



MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON, WHO PLAYS THE NAME-PART IN HIS PRODUCTION OF "COUNT TEZMA," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

A Victor at Prestidigitation.

Mr. Maurice Victor, of Egyptian Hall popularity, has, under the wing of Mr. Maskelyne, performed prodigies of prestidigitation with an amiable, smiling nonchalance which is extremely taking. One of Mr. Maskelyne's principal lieutenants, Mr. Victor has achieved many little triumphs at private entertainments as well as in public. On the occasion of the last birthday of little Prince Edward, perhaps His Majesty's shrewdest grandson and a great pet of the King, Mr. Maurice Victor had the honour of appearing by command at Marlborough House, when, as the *Times* recorded next day, the King and Queen personally complimented him upon his clever entertainment.



MR. MAURICE VICTOR.
PRESTIDIGITATEUR AT MASKELYNE AND COOK'S.
Photo by Seannell, London.

These are to be the private property of their respective owners, as in the near future it is anticipated that the resources of the famous Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace will be entirely required for the use of the King and Queen and their son and daughters. Though West-End tradesmen may be the first to derive benefit from the permanent establishment of a real Court in London, all classes must in the end share in their enhanced prosperity.

Duke and Duchess of Fife.

After their brief stay in Glasgow as the guests of Lord and Lady Blythwood, Her Royal Highness the Duchess and the Duke of Fife, having paid an unofficial visit to the great Exhibition, will come South to Sheen House, and remain there till the middle of July. About this time the Duke and Duchess will go to Duff House, the ancestral home of the Fife family, near Banff. Her Royal Highness always enjoys the seclusion of this country seat, where she has opportunity, at an easy distance from the house, of exercising her skill as an angler on the waters of the Deveron. The Duchess has endeared herself to the people of Banff and neighbourhood, and, with the Duke, who took an active interest in the children's festival at Duff House last year, is extremely popular. After sojourning for a month in Banffshire, they will proceed to Mar Lodge, their fine new mansion not far from Balmoral.

It has already been stated in *The Sketch* that Miss Marie Corelli is a favourite author in Royal circles. Fresh evidence of this has been furnished by the recognition of the popular writer's latest work by His Majesty the King, the Queen Consort, and the Empress Frederick. In accepting copies of Miss Corelli's "Passing of the Great Queen," issued by Messrs. Methuen, their Majesties have expressed to the author their great appreciation of her "Tribute to the Noble Life of Victoria Regina." The Empress Frederick, who has been much cheered and benefited in health of late by the companionship and practical sympathy of so many of her illustrious kinsfolk, has also written to Miss Corelli, through Count von Seckendorff, stating how much she likes and values the book. Miss Corelli can well afford to disregard hostile criticism,

The Royal Mews. When the period of Court mourning for our late beloved Queen is at an end, it seems likely that a bright and busy era will commence for London tradespeople. His Majesty the King is, it is said, making presents to Princess Henry of Battenberg, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Argyll, and Princess Christian of handsome carriages, with harness and the necessary appointments.



MISS JANE MAY (SISTER OF EDNA MAY),
WHO APPEARS IN "THE GIRL FROM UP THERE," AT THE
DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

Mr. Rider Haggard in a New Role.

While Mr. Rider Haggard is most widely known as a weaver of romances, the number, nevertheless, of those who are familiar with his work in a practical sphere, and particularly with his labours as a country gentleman, is by no means small. As a Justice of the Peace for Norfolk and Suffolk, and by long residence in the former county, where he was born forty-five years ago, Mr. Rider Haggard has made practical farming his study, and has spent much time in an examination of the land question in its various phases. This is amply demonstrated by "A Farmer's Year," which he gave to the world two years ago. The popular novelist has assumed a new rôle, and is now engaged on an undertaking which is sure to be far-reaching in its results. I congratulate the enterprising proprietor of the *Daily Express* on securing so competent an authority as Mr. Rider Haggard to examine the great question of the nation's agricultural resources and to furnish readers of the *Express* with his conclusions. The rural districts of England and a portion of Scotland constitute the field of what will be, in Mr. Haggard's hands, a thorough and complete investigation.

Miss Jessie Pounds.

Miss Jessie Pounds (Mrs. Courtice Pounds) is a daughter of the late Mrs. Gaston Murray. She has been recently playing Lady Jane in "Patience," at the Savoy Theatre, during Miss Brandram's indisposition.

Cheerful "Tommy."

Tommy Atkins has always been a humorist, though perhaps his humour has not always been of the most refined. One of the revelations of the South African Campaign has been a kind of Mark Tapleyish cheerfulness which might well put even Dickens's immortal creation to shame. The Colonial papers teem with apropos stories which show that, whatever the status of the British "Tommy" may be at home, in South Africa his sterling qualities are much appreciated. Mr. Bennet Burleigh's letters in the *Daily Telegraph* also bear eloquent witness to the same effect, and his recent description of the way in which "Tommy," after weeks of campaigning, without tents, in almost ceaseless rain, enjoyed a theatrical performance at Bloemfontein is something of a revelation. "No standing-room anywhere, and even places upon ladders sold for half-a-crown a rung." Says Mr. Burleigh: "You could hear the military roars of laughter like salvos of artillery." Yet the rain and mud had been so bad that these officers and men of General Bruce Hamilton's column only a night or two before had been unable even to lie down, the mud being ankle-deep, all ranks, from the General himself to the drummer-boy, having either to stand or sit upon waggon-poles. It is eminently satisfactory to read that, in spite of all discomforts, of some five hundred men of the Royal Sussex, in three months only two had fallen out sick.



MISS JESSIE POUNDS
(MRS. COURTICE POUNDS) AS LADY JANE IN
"PATIENCE."

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

"Tommy" and "Hans."

The question of a suitable campaigning uniform continues to agitate military circles both in Germany and this country. The cordial relations between King Edward and his nephew the Kaiser have been once more exemplified by the visit of a German deputation of two distinguished officers and a non-commissioned officer of the Prussian Guards to submit for His Majesty's inspection the field-service outfit supplied to German soldiers. The following day the deputation, accompanied by a British non-com., waited on the Commander-in-Chief—who had been present with His Majesty at Marlborough House—at the War Office, and the German kit was minutely compared with that of the British "Tommy." In this connection, one may note that Lord Archibald Campbell's protest against the slouch-hat as head-dress for Highland regiments—and, really, a kilted Highlander in a slouch-hat would be a funny object—is somewhat discounted by the report of a lecture to seventy returned soldiers from South Africa. On the lecturer putting the question of hats *versus* helmets to his audience, a universal shout of "Hats!" went up, and when the lecturer pathetically asked, "Is there not one man present who will hold up his hand for the helmet?" his query was received in dead silence and not a solitary hand was raised.

Memorial of Mr. Archibald Forbes.

A monument is in course of erection over the grave of Archibald Forbes in Allenvale Cemetery, Aberdeen. In the form of a Greek stela, seven feet in height, of polished green granite, with appropriate carving, including a representation of the Iron Cross of Germany, surmounting a finely worked spray of laurel, the memorial, conspicuous from its unique design amid its surroundings, is a fine tribute to the famous War-Correspondent.

The late Sir Edward Watkin.

Mr. Mason Jackson, the late Art Editor of *The Illustrated London News*, in the following letter corrects an inaccurate statement in the *Pall Mall* to the effect that the late Sir Edward Watkin took over the management of *The Illustrated London News* after the death of Mr. Herbert Ingram, M.P.—

To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

SIR,—In your account of the late Sir Edward Watkin there is a paragraph relating to *The Illustrated London News* which is not strictly correct. You state that, when Mr. Ingram and his eldest son were drowned in Lake Michigan, Mrs. Ingram turned to Sir Edward Watkin for assistance. You say, "He gratuitously undertook the management of the paper and Mrs. Ingram's affairs generally, with the result that, after a period of hard work, he placed them on a firm basis."

Sir Edward Watkin had nothing to do with the management of *The Illustrated London News*, and even his nominal connection with Mrs. Ingram's affairs was of the briefest, lasting only from the death of Mr. Ingram in September 1860 until his own departure for Canada on railway business in 1861.

At the time of Mr. Ingram's death, in 1860, the late Mr. George Leighton was the Printer, Publisher, and General Manager of *The Illustrated London News*, and continued in that position for many years, until the surviving sons of the founder took the business into their own hands. In 1861, Mr. Leighton made many changes, including the appointment of a Pictorial Editor, with the approval of Mrs. Ingram, but without consulting Sir Edward Watkin, which would not have been the case if the latter gentleman had then been managing Mrs. Ingram's affairs.

The Editor of *The Sketch* begs to corroborate Mr. Jackson's statement. The faithful trio who carried on *The Illustrated London News* after the lamentable death of Mr. Herbert Ingram and his eldest son were the late Mr. George C. Leighton, Mr. Mason Jackson as the devoted Art Editor, and the similarly devoted Literary Editor, the late Mr. John Lash Latey. Their ripe experience and steadfast fidelity to the trust reposed in them, together with the co-operation of an unrivalled staff, maintained the pre-eminence of *The Illustrated London News*, and prepared the way for the subsequent developments of this great newspaper property by the succeeding Managers, Sir William Ingram and Mr. Charles Ingram.

Our "Two Roses" Mr. W. Lestocq writes from the Print. Green Room

Club: "In the article in this [last] week's *Sketch* on the 'Two Roses,' the two individuals of whom your 'W. J. L.' says 'their identity cannot even be guessed at,' I beg to inform you that one is Mr. James Allen, who was with Sir Henry Irving until recently and is still alive, and the other is Mr. C. H. Brown, the business manager who went in that capacity to the Vaudeville when Mr. Smale left there to join Mr. Montague at the Globe. Mr. Brown is also dead. By the way, surely your contributor who writes an appreciation of the Kendals means 'Under the Buckstone management,' not 'Bancroft.'" Right again, Mr. Lestocq. Go up top!

Réjane's Gloomy Play.

There is not one gleam of sunshine (writes my Paris Correspondent in his postscript) in Paul Hervieu's "La Course du Flambeau," the new Vaudeville play. I can hardly believe that it will change the evil luck that has so persistently dogged every venture of Réjane's during the last two years. It was a drama devoid of all sensational interest, and calling simply upon the emotions of the finer and more subtle nature from a fashionable audience. And such an audience is only assured for a first-night. It is a somewhat sad subject to elaborate—that of the mother, who has brought sorrow on the grey hairs of her own mother, finding the eternal vengeance for her conduct in the ingratitude of her own child. Réjane was magnificent in the scene where she humiliated herself, in order to save her daughter's husband from ruin, by asking for a loan from a rejected lover; and she surpassed herself in the final Act, where she finds her mother dead. To inherit her mother's money, she had technically murdered her by taking her to the Pyrenees, where the climate is generous to those with weak lungs, but murderous to the failing heart.

Leo Tolstoi.

It is rumoured that Tolstoi may visit Paris and address the students in the Latin Quarter. If such be his intention, he would place the Government in a very strange position. Logically, having given military honours to Kruger, they

could not refuse Tolstoi the right of a hearing, and feeling in the Quartier is running so high over the troubles in Russia that there would be trouble.

Wine for Nothing.

The decision of the Municipal Council to remove all octroi duty on wine, beer, and cider coming into Paris has paralysed the old-established wine-merchants. Every vacant shop is seized upon by a retailer, who offers a litre of red or white wine for twopence-halfpenny or threepence. The municipal tax has been increased in the most extraordinary fashion to meet the deficit.

Sir Henry's Plans.

Sir Henry Irving, who will follow his grand production of "Coriolanus" at the Lyceum with certain important revivals, such as "Louis the Eleventh," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Bells," &c., will not require Mr. Fergus Hume's new blank-verse play for London use until next year.

"The Man from Blankley's."

To-morrow (Thursday), if present arrangements are not re-arranged, Mr. Frank Curzon will present at the Prince of Wales's Mr. Anstey's new comedy, entitled "The Man from Blankley's." The said Man is a sort of dinner-guest and general private-banquet supervisor sent out by a certain

firm, and he will be represented by Mr. Charles Hawtrey. All the "food" arrangements in this play are to be realistic in the extreme, one meal going on for forty minutes, being sandwiched with the action, as it were.

A New Musical Play.

I understand that we may find Mr. George Edwardes producing a new musical play at the Prince of Wales's in the autumn, doubtless by arrangement with Mr. Curzon. One of the principals engaged for this piece is Miss Ada Reeve, who, a few days ago, embarked per the *Ormuz* for Australia for a health trip.

The Apollo.

I am asked to give a categorical denial to the sundry reports printed during the last few days to the effect that Mr. Lowenfeld has arranged to let his new Apollo Theatre to Mr. Martin Harvey. There is no truth whatever in any such statements.

"The Second in Command" Souvenir.

Messrs. Harrison and Maude have just issued a beautiful Caton Woodville Souvenir of their great Haymarket success, "The Second in Command." We may expect to see Miss Winifred Emery as the heroine in this charming play in the course of a week or two.

A British Gretna Green.

Saltwood, the charming little village near Folkestone where Miss Rosie Boote

became Marchioness of Headfort, is a place where many weddings are celebrated each year, if only owing to the fact that the Superintendent-Registrar of Folkestone has his office there. Few people are aware that, from the Roman Catholic point of view, a marriage before a Registrar partakes as truly of a sacramental nature as if it were celebrated by the Pope himself; and further, that such a ceremony cannot be followed by another one in church. It need, however, hardly be said that Registry-marriages are not encouraged by the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical authorities, and that unions so celebrated are thought to lack a special blessing. As the new Marchioness is a devout daughter of the Church, it is probable that she did not take the step without feeling very well assured that so only could be secured perfect privacy. The young lady who supported Miss Boote, Miss Daisy Roche, is one of the cleverest and prettiest actresses associated with Daly's Theatre. She has long been an intimate friend of Lady Headfort.

The Lord Chancellor.

In connection with recent rumours of the Lord Chancellor's impending resignation, it may be recalled that during the election last autumn there was a conflict of reports regarding Lord Halsbury. Some of these latter were falsified, and Lord Halsbury assumed the high office of Lord Chancellor for the fourth time. It is a noteworthy circumstance that the Marquis of Salisbury and the first Earl of Halsbury—between whom a close friendship has long been maintained—should have held their exalted posts oftener than any of their predecessors.



MISS MAIDIE HOPE.

NOW SINGING THE FAMOUS "MAISIE" SONG IN "THE MESSENGER BOY," AT THE GAIETY, IN PLACE OF MISS ROSIE BOOTE (THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT).

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

THE SOCIAL JESTER



I MEET THE BOAT—JUST.

FROM the concluding remarks to my article last week, my dear young lady, you will have decided for yourself that I am fully possessed of the pathetic patience of the professional fool. For I informed you, very briefly, that the boat from South-Africa, to meet which I had journeyed down to Plymouth, arrived at midnight on Sunday instead of at noon on the previous Friday. And I added, further, that I filled in the time by gazing fixedly at the Great Western Railway Station from the window of my hotel. But, lest you should be inclined to ascribe to me a greater degree of this particular virtue than is really my due, I ought, perhaps, to confess that everyone officially connected with the hotel, from the highly intelligent hall-porter to the exasperatingly urbane head-waiter, was perfectly aware of the primary object of my visit to the town, and never had the least chance of forgetting it.

Nor must I allow you to suppose that I spent two and a-half days in the smoking-room of the hotel of my own deliberate choice. As a matter of fact, I developed, on the morning of Friday, an influenza cold. (I call it an influenza cold because it was exactly the sort of cold that everybody always gets when they have any sort of a cold at all. It would be the merest pedantry on my part, therefore, to allude to this cold as an ordinary cold. The sort of cold that everybody always gets is the extraordinarily bad sort, and is invariably known as the influenza cold.) Now, every man who ever had a mother knows that the best way of dealing with a cold is to feed it. When, therefore, I got up on Friday morning with an influenza cold, I determined to devote the remainder of that day to feeding it.

It occurred to me, as I ordered a breakfast that almost startled the head-waiter out of his preposterous state of calm, that a cold is a fever, and a fever should be starved. But, with the philosophy of the avowed buffoon, I speedily rendered harmless this pointed horn of a threatening dilemma, and ate the breakfast. Even now, and looking at the matter in the unsteady light of after events, I fail to see that I should have acted otherwise. And, in any case, it is a comfort to remember that I was charged for my meal at the ordinary *table d'hôte* rates.

Breakfast over, my body made its way to the smoking-room, whilst my spirit took up a strategic position at the end of the telephone-wire that connected the hotel, indirectly, with the shipping agents. At luncheon-time, however, they joined forces again, and quite succeeded in dislodging the head-waiter from his pedestal of outrageous impassiveness. The afternoon, with the exception of a brief interval for the consumption of tea and tea-cake, I also spent in two places, but dinner-time found us once again in a state of unity, and so irresistible was the



combination that three under-waiters (their monumentally phlegmatic chief had already been put out of action) were brought to their knees, and the wine-steward managed to last out the engagement only by calling up reinforcements in the shape of the impossibly acute hall-porter and a pair of "boots."

After dinner, I caused myself to be re-conducted to the smoking-room, and there, my spirit now electing to remain with me, I thought out a plan of campaign for the succeeding day. But, alas! it is one thing to attack a cold; it is another thing to keep up your lines of connection. And so I discovered, for when the bugler of the neighbouring barracks sounded his morning alarm, I found that not only was a renewed attack on the influenza cold out of the question, but that it was absolutely impossible for my forces, combined or separately, to attempt any action whatsoever. In short, I was obliged to telephone the agents to the effect that, should the boat arrive that day, I was too unwell to meet it. In the end, as you know, the boat arrived at midnight on Sunday. And, since I have now confessed to you the true reasons for my show of apparent patience, I may pass on to the tender—I was just, but only just, well enough—and proceed to the side of the belated vessel.

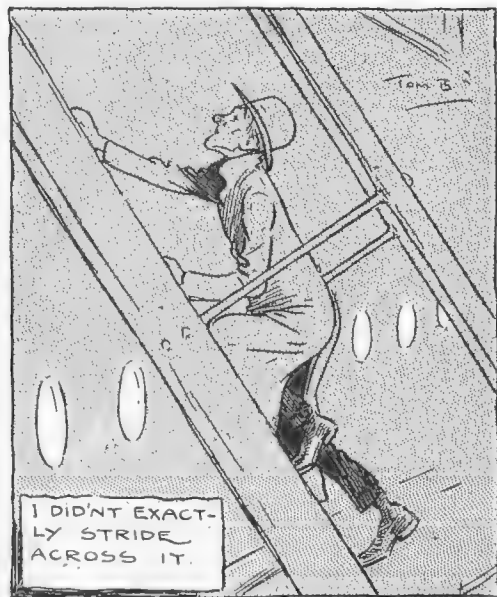
As the tender left the quay, we saw the boat from South Africa taking up her position in the harbour. She was not a very imposing-looking vessel, but I was surprised to hear one of my fellow-passengers on the tender—who had also been waiting at Plymouth since Thursday, and had possibly been treating an influenza cold—ask the agent whether she had previously been used as an eighteenpenny-Saturday-afternoon-trip-to-the-Eddystone-Lighthouse-and-back-excursion-tub. The agent, whose excessive geniality need not necessarily be ascribed to the lateness of the hour, roared with laughter at this multi-hyphenated jest, and said he took it for granted that we should recommend the line to our friends.

I will not weary you, my dear young lady, with a description of the vessel. Indeed, so occupied was I in striving to look as much as possible like the pictures imagined for the illustrated papers of people welcoming home their friends that I nearly fell off the tender and put an end to my buffoonery for ever. Whilst waiting at the hotel, I had gone over the scene in my mind many times and filled in all the details. There was I on the deck of the tender; there was my friend, not expecting me, on the deck of the ship. Then there was to be a sudden cry of joy and delight, I was to wave my cap airily, smile benignly, stride across the gangway, and be embraced. Unfortunately, the hour was late and the night was cold, so that most of the passengers elected to remain in the saloon and be discovered grumbling at the management for putting them off the boat at such a heathenish hour. The cry of joy, therefore, didn't occur, and since the gangway was at an angle of—well, almost perpendicular—I didn't exactly stride across it. However, once on board, I attended to the influenza cold.

The tired home-comers, ranged around the saloon in disconsolate attitudes, made an interesting study. Here, a young married couple, come to England for a prolonged honeymoon, were on the very verge of their first quarrel. There, a bouncing baby, master of the ship throughout the voyage, was quickly sacrificing his popularity for the mere sake of indulging in a series of expostulatory squalls. In another corner, a widowed mother and a dutiful daughter, whose mutual affection had charmed every passenger on the boat, were actually snapping at one another in their attempts to decide whether they had better spend the night in Plymouth or go on at once by the special to London.

By-and-by—I use the expression in quite cool blood—they put us off at the quay, and I took it upon myself to get my friend's luggage through the Customs. I didn't have much trouble with the officials, but some of the passengers seemed to regard me as a somewhat clumsy baggage-thief. The simple explanation of the matter was that I had been told to secure nine packages, and I meant to secure 'em. After all, one "hold-all" looks very much like another, and I could hardly be expected to know that my friend's initials were identical with the maiden initials of a lady from Johannesburg.

To my surprise, I was glad to get back to the hotel again, but I was still more glad to find myself on board a swift and easy-running Great Western express *en route* for the sordid old city of London. And, as I dropped asleep between Bristol and Swindon, I congratulated myself that I had, after all, met the old boat. But, thanks to the cold and the severe treatment that I prescribed for myself, it was a near thing.



Chico



HOLYROOD PALACE, EDINBURGH, WHERE THE KING IS TO STAY EN ROUTE TO BALMORAL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. PATRICK.



A RIVIERA BEAUTY-SPOT: LA BASTILLE, BEAULIEU, WHERE LORD SALISBURY IS RECUPERATING, IS ON THE HEIGHTS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHROEDER AND CO., ZÜRICH.

ROYAL HOLYROOD.

HIS GRACIOUS MAJESTY does not forget that he is Sovereign of Scotland as well as of England and Ireland, and the rumour that King Edward and his beautiful Queen intend in the near future making a sojourn in Royal Holyrood has naturally much gratified the good people of Edinburgh.

Holyrood is a Palace of many memories, from those traditions connected with luckless Mary Queen of Scots to the modern days when the Lord High Commissioner alone holds a miniature Court in this cradle of Scottish Royalty. Queen Victoria first visited Holyrood in 1850, and Her late Majesty seems to have been charmed with the quaint old Castle, and she wrote in her journal, after a "delightful day" spent there, "Everybody so pleased at our living at my old Palace." Her late Majesty was naturally most interested in that portion of Holyrood where Queen Mary lived, and in the room where Rizzio was murdered, and even the Sovereign was solemnly shown the board discoloured by blood, but which critics of the canny Scot declare to be "freshened up" now and again with the addition of a little red paint. King Edward, as a youth, stayed at Holyrood some time, studying hard the while, and reading Sir Walter Scott, than whom no better guide to Scottish history exists. The picture gallery, which is the one apartment in Holyrood suited to the holding of great receptions and Royal banquets, was the scene, in 1822, of a Court held by George IV.; the splendid scene may have recalled to a few present the sojourn at Holyrood in 1745 of hapless "Prince Charlie," for Scottish Chieftains come of a long-lived race. It is said that, if the King and Queen carry out their intention of holding a number of State functions in Holyrood, their Majesties will not reside at the Palace, but will be the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch at Dalkeith.

LORD SALISBURY'S BEAULIEU HOME.

BEAULIEU, the pretty village where Lord Salisbury is enjoying a few weeks of well-earned rest, is, as its name proudly claims, the beauty-spot of the French Riviera. When the Premier and Lady Salisbury first discovered its manifold charms, the place was little more than a fishing hamlet; now it has grown into something very like a town of villas and hotels.

La Bastide—for by this quaint local name is the holiday home of the great statesman known—is built high above Beaulieu, on the slope of an olive-clad hill, and the charming grounds are well shaded, stretching down towards the sea on the one side and up the mountain on the other. La Bastide was the creation of the late Lady Salisbury, and this is why the place is so dear to the Premier and his children. Nothing could be simpler and more unlike stately Hatfield than Lord Salisbury's French residence. There are only two floors, one of which contains the drawing-room, dining-room, billiard-room, and the spacious, comfortable library-study which is the Premier's own room. The upper floor consists entirely of bedrooms and dressing-rooms, for, when at La Bastide, Lady Salisbury was content to have no boudoir, and shared the only drawing-room with her daughters and daughters-in-law, no strangers ever being asked to the weary statesman's holiday home. A delightful feature of La Bastide is the wide verandah, or *loggia*, from which are seen, at all hours of the day, exquisite views of sea, sky, and mountain; there the inmates of the house spend much of their time, secure from all observation, for beneath is a precipitous cliff clothed in verdure.

Before the death of Lady Salisbury, the Premier, when staying at Beaulieu, constantly took long walks in the surrounding country, but now he is rarely met on the broad road connecting Nice and Monte Carlo, which, in old days the most deserted of country highways, now swarms with motor-cars and cycles. Behind La Bastide, however, are some beautiful mountain-paths, one leading straight up to the famed Corniche, which was till comparatively lately the only connecting-link between the French and Italian Riviera. There, pacing along the road, which commands some of the finest views in Europe, the Prime Minister may occasionally be met, sometimes alone, oftener with a member of his devoted family, avoiding the inquisitive British tourist, but on the friendliest terms with the worthy French road-niakers, who are, with rare exceptions, the only frequenters of the lovely Corniche Road.

LOVE'S VIGIL.

In the dead of the midnight hour, dear,
You lie in your dreamless sleep,
And over your innocent rest, dear,
The angels their vigil keep:
Away from the region of sorrow,
The circle of care and pain,
Sleep on till the sun brings to-morrow
And wakes you to life again.

But out in the whispering night, dear,
Enwrapped in the darkness kind,
I wander o'er meadow and moor, dear,
Alone with the dying wind:
And oft to the angels hovering
In the starlit skies above,
I pray to keep sin and suffering
Afar from the child I love.

K. H.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Tourist Season—How to be Killed—The Culture of Advertisements—The Gainsborough (First Notice)—The "Stolen" "Gainsborough" "Duchess"—How and What to Steal.

FOR the moment, foreign hotels are suffering from the absence of a revolution in either Spain or South-Eastern Europe as an attraction for tourists. Winter health-resorts, however, report an "excellent season," which means that our supply of hopeless invalids still continues satisfactory, and is supplemented in an encouraging manner by the officers returning from "the Front" with constitutions incurably shattered. Just as a series of drowning cases ushers in the enjoyable skating season, so the pleasures of mountaineering and foreign travel are heralded by horrible fatal accidents in the Alps. And just as it is the strong swimmer who is drowned in a shipwreck, so it is the skilled mountaineer who is generally killed while climbing. However, the Englishman cannot really amuse himself unless his life is in danger, and would do so more if the Continent did not continue in its obstinate ignorance of English.

A gentleman complains of the appointments of a train he has been travelling in in Italy. It became too warm, and he moved the handle of the heating apparatus to "caldo" (which, of course, means, or ought to mean, the same as the English "cold"), with the result that the carriage became insufferably hot. Similar obtuseness was that of a guide last year with a very tired party of ladies. They shouted "Schnell! schnell!" to him at intervals, on the authority of someone who said that it meant slow, the poor, benighted hind only quickening his pace in consequence. The wonder is that these uneducated foreigners know the "Marseillaise" and the "Wacht am Rhein" so well.

A glance at the country from the railway carriages here at home shows it in a very forward state. Liver-pill advertisements are coming on steadily—in fact, the whole yield of patent medicines should be above the average. With the approach of warm weather, seltzer-waters are springing up daily near our holiday resorts. Newspaper placards should now be bedded out and watered, incandescent mantles may be taken in and housed till the winter, but bicycle tyres should be pruned and planted in an exposed position. A novelty in British farming which would well repay cultivation is the library-on-the-installment-system. Up-to-date agriculturists recommend re-labelling the entire crop of "foods" and "cures," instead of advertising them as equally infallible for summer and winter complaints. Beetle-headed though the public may be in accepting one capsule as a remedy for every known disease, it hesitates when presented with it in all climates and weathers indiscriminately. Trees, however, might now be trimmed into puzzle competitions, and sheep and cattle branded with publishers' lists for the spring book season.

It was extraordinary how much interest was taken on the Continent in the Gainsborough portrait. Here in England, where our dear old customs are daily disappearing, people used to say on meeting, "How do you do? Quite well, I hope?" "Yes, thank you. How are you?" Now they say, "Did you write the Englishwoman's Love Letters?" "No; did you steal the Gainsborough Duchess?" The sale of the Love Letters is said to have been seriously affected—in fact, Mr. Murray could not do better than track down the thief at once and show him up. London will stand only one mystery at a time. We are overstocked with authors, even anonymous ones, just now; and, besides, there is something personally fascinating and romantic about a thief. The whole affair shows the value of advertisement. Young artists who cannot sell their paintings should have them stolen. They will become worth their weight in early strawberries as rapidly as if put out at compound interest.

On three points only is there doubt about the stolen Gainsborough Duchess—as to whether it is the stolen picture, whether it is the portrait of the Duchess, and whether it was ever painted by Gainsborough. Otherwise its value is unquestioned. Messrs. Agnew will be able to meet the demands of the public only by having a private view and soirée for the favoured Upper Ten, and admit the British nation throughout the summer in rotation at a shilling a-head. A "Guide to the Picture" might be published, with historical analysis, and short, appreciative introduction by the thief. And, of course, there will be a novel and a play written round it.

In a certain West-End Club was overheard the other day: "Can't make out why so many people think I am the man who stole the 'Duchess.'" "No, unless—ah—" "Why?" "Oh, nothing! Only he's supposed to be a suspicious-looking man who drinks too much." And another lifelong friendship was dissolved.

The obvious moral of the whole—and it may be of use to the reader—is the folly of stealing masterpieces. They cannot be melted down or sold piecemeal. They are "not negotiable," like Derby winners and celebrated jewels, which accounts for so few owners having their portraits taken—their pictures stolen, in other words. Young people, never steal a painting worth more than £5000.

HILL ROWAN.

HERBERT'S WONDERFUL DOGS AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

JUST as Parisians depend upon quick-eyed M. Houcke to give them the latest novelties at the Nouveau Cirque, so Londoners rely upon that keen and successful entrepreneur, Mr. H. E. Moss, to produce for their delectation the freshest things in the Variety world. Hence the continued attractiveness of the palatial London Hippodrome, where, to the ravishing strains of M. Jacobi's grand orchestra, the most diversified entertainment is enjoyed each matinée and evening by large and delighted assemblages.

Never before has a place of amusement of this kind been so triumphantly successful in London. Never has a better-trained "Happy Family" of lions, tigers, bears, and boarhounds been exhibited than Sawade's. As we all love dogs, everyone should be deeply interested in the remarkably clever and willing canine troupe of Mr. Herbert, some of whose pets *The Sketch* has the pleasure of presenting on this page. Their readiness and alacrity are, I assure you, extraordinary. They not



HERBERT'S DOGS: THEIR CARRIAGE-DRIVE.

only perform dextrous tricks which are simply amazing, but go through their work with an eagerness and zest that evoke appreciative laughter. Dink is the greatest marvel. He is but a mongrel. But Dink throws somersaults, rolls a barrow, jumps through hoops, revels in a droll cakewalk, and concludes with a high dive which knocks that of Milesna-Coppaleen into a cocked-hat. In fine, if you want an afternoon's or evening's thoroughly agreeable relaxation, drop into the London Hippodrome and see Herbert's dogs, including the accomplished little champion, Dink.

In the way of equestrianism, you have rarely seen anything finer than

Mr. and Mrs. Renz with their highly trained Skipping Horse and "Unicorn Act," which deserve all the applause they obtain. The Meister Glee Singers are not to be excelled for vocal harmony. Fun becomes fast and furious when "A Village Wedding" is enacted by the Three Missouris, and culminates in the merry Water Pantomime.



HERBERT'S WONDERFUL DOGS AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FEINBERG, NEW YORK.

THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.

THE Glasgow International Exhibition, which Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Fife (Princess Louise) is to open on May 2, is rapidly approaching completion. In the flourishing city itself (some views of which *The Sketch* has the pleasure of giving) the forthcoming show is the talk of the hour. The busy streets are enlivened with representatives of all nations, and the excellently managed railway



PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1901.

hotels are already getting full. Mr. H. A. Hedley, the vigilant and experienced General Manager and Secretary of this grand Exhibition, is to be complimented on the programme he has framed for the opening ceremony, and deserves the gratitude of the Press for his most courteous and hospitable invitations to Glasgow this week.

THE EXHIBITION TO-DAY

gives abundant promise of a brilliant and interesting spectacle for May. Hundreds of workmen are working as industriously as so many bees round a colossal hive. Add to this chorus of labour the deafening noise of hammers and the clangour of different tongues, and the Wagneresque discord may be imagined.

UNDER THE GREAT DOME,

which (as indicated in the above photograph) marks the chief entrance; a statue of Edward VII, King of England, is in course of erection. This for the moment is enshrouded with scaffold-poles and canvas. The Dome itself is decorated with artistic work of a very fine character. Whilst standing here, the fact dawns upon the privileged visitor that in this great and harmoniously designed Exhibition building a vast representative collection of all the industries of the world is arranged under one roof, worthy the closest scrutiny of observant islanders, who will learn and profit much from the many interesting exhibits from foreign countries. A little way to the left is

THE MOORISH MOSQUE.

This is well advanced, though not yet in a finished state. The natives are working and jabbering away as though on their native heath.

Steering your way along the Grand Avenue, on both sides of which are sites for exhibits, eventually

THE MACHINERY HALL.

is reached, but not without undergoing the extremely difficult task of dodging active artisans, splashings of paint, and jumping over rails. All the show-places in the Machinery Hall are marked out, and the representatives of different firms throughout the world are fitting up the numerous machines, some as much prepared as if the Exhibition were to be opened to-morrow. Others are not so fortunate, and have a laborious time before them. The Machinery Hall has a gallery up the centre. From this gallery a full and comprehensive view of one of the most important parts of the Exhibition will be obtained.

Retracing your footsteps through the Grand Avenue, under the Dome, you come to

THE INDUSTRIAL HALL.

Here the average man will find plenty to interest him. The Ladies' Section of the Russian exhibit is of a very entertaining nature.

All the Foreign Sections appear to be in a well-advanced state. France, untired by the leviathan World's Fair in Paris, is here again in

evidence. Many wonders from the Paris Exhibition of 1900 will be found improved upon in the Glasgow Exhibition of 1901.

OUR BRITISH COLONIES

are also taking a very creditable part in the undertaking, not less than £50,000 being spent on each Colonial Section, each individual Colony straining every nerve to be finished first.

Experience has shown that the great Exhibitions of late years have been more or less in an unfinished condition on the inaugural day. The Glasgow International Exhibition is, on the whole, far more advanced than its predecessors have been.

Leaving the well-planned buildings, you come to the pleasure-grounds, which will be most animated. White-plastered houses are in course of erection throughout the gardens. These are not, however, wholly given to pleasure. Some will contain further exhibits.

Down the centre of the grounds flows the River Kelvin, its glistening falls presenting a striking picture. On the left of the river will be found a Switchback, and, of course, the inevitable Water-Chutes. A new bridge spans the river and leads to the main entrance from the grounds.

THE CONCERT HALL

is painted in sky-blue, and the towers contrast admirably with the white buildings round about. In the grounds also are

RUSSIAN BUILDINGS

of very fine architecture, the designs on wood being unique. Artists from Moscow are busily engaged in painting these picturesque buildings.

As you stand on an incline looking towards the great Dome, encircled with white buildings, the small white houses on each side and the Falls of the Kelvin River below, the panorama is indeed a very fine one.

Taking but a brief glance at the Art Gallery—a sumptuous red building containing a complete collection of the art of the nineteenth century—one realises that a magnificent collection of works by great masters will be on view.

THE PEOPLE OF GLASGOW

are no new hands at Exhibitions, and experience of the past has been taken full advantage of in the grand Exhibition of 1901.

Facing the main building is

THE ATHLETIC FIELD,

in connection with the Exhibition. To all interested in sport, great inducements will be offered. In this enclosure alone accommodation will be provided for about twenty-five thousand persons.

IN THE GENIAL ART OF ENTERTAINING,

Glasgow stands pre-eminent, as members of the Institute of Journalists have good reason to know. No city—not even the City of London itself—surpasses in grandeur the handsome Municipal Buildings of Glasgow, and hospitality there vies with that of the Mansion House. In the way of river excursions, London has much to learn from Glasgow's energetic and enterprising Mr. MacBrayne, whose steamboat service to the Clyde estuary is beyond all praise. And now *The Sketch* ventures to suggest that Glasgow should make the Exhibition year memorable by a determined and successful effort to purify the River Clyde (which has brought it so much wealth) and guard it from pollution.



GLASGOW CROSS AND TOLBOOTH STEEPLE (FIGURING CONSPICUOUSLY IN SIR WALTER SCOTT'S "ROB ROY").

From Photographs by W. Rose Duthie, Queen's Crescent, Cathcart, Glasgow.

GLASGOW SNAPSHOTTED:

A PICTORIAL GUIDE FOR VISITORS TO THE GREAT GLASGOW EXHIBITION.



GLASGOW'S PALATIAL MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.



DOULTON FOUNTAIN AND NELSON MONUMENT IN "THE GREEN."



JAMAICA BRIDGE (THE CITY'S CHIEF BRIDGE).



THE ANCIENT CATHEDRAL OF ST. MUNGO.



ST. ENOCH STATION (GLASGOW TERMINUS OF THE MIDLAND RAILWAY).



THE UNIVERSITY, WITH BAND PERFORMING IN KELVINGROVE PARK.

From Photographs by W. Rose Duthie, Queen's Crescent, Cathcart, Glasgow.

"THE EMERALD ISLE," AT THE SAVOY.

IT is, of course, always an advantage for a playwright to have personally explored the places which he is to select for the scenes of his plays. This has generally been the habit adopted by Mr. George R. Sims; the late Henry Pettitt often followed the same course; and more than once Mr. Gilbert did ditto. One country,

however, that the last-named great librettist visited at first for the purposes of play-scene location he has never yet utilised for that purpose, although he has, unfortunately, of late years had to sojourn therein on account of illness. That country is Egypt.

Now, it so happens that Mr. Gilbert's present successor at the Savoy, Captain Basil Hood to wit, has explored many countries, some of which he has since used for dramatic "backgrounds," as it were. But all these he explored while doing his duty as a Soldier of our late Beloved Queen. Thus, when some time back he wrote "The Rose of Persia" for the Savoy, that land of mystery and magnificence was already an open book to him. Indeed, all Asia is to Captain Hood as well known as Brighton is to most. Moreover, I had not been

chatting many minutes to my still young military friend concerning his book of the new Savoy opera, "The Emerald Isle," before I found that he was saturated in topographical and other knowledge of Ireland. And then it was borne in upon me that the Captain had been quartered for some few years in the "distressful country."

Although this new production is so near at hand—Mrs. Carte hoping to have it ready by next Saturday, the 27th—yet, of course, it would not be strictly fair to spoil the enjoyment of *Sketch*-reading playgoers by giving every detail regarding the story. There is, for example, a very striking and novel little situation in the Second Act. This situation is so delicately touching withal that to give it away not only beforehand, but even in the forthcoming criticisms of the piece, would, in my thinking,

tend to spoil the interest for all Savoy-goers who may chance to read those notices. I know that when I came to this situation it gave even so hardened a playgoer as myself such a surprise and such a queer little feeling in the throat that I want all others who see "The Emerald Isle" to experience the same delightful sensation.

There is plenty, however, to tell in advance concerning this opera. You must know, then (as they say in old story-books), that all the Irish concerned therein have—strange as it may seem—a national grievance!

The grievance in this case is not so much Land-law-like as lingual. As a matter of fact, the Lord-Lieutenant of the period (1801) has issued a ukase to the effect that all natives concerned *must speak with an English accent!* Och, wirrasthrue! an' d'ye moind that, now? And aren't ye afther seein', begorra, that, owing to this arrangemint, the sly author prevints all his characters from spakin' Stage-Irish?

That is to say, all but one. That one, who occasionally drops into what may be called Histrionic Hibernese (such as I have written above myself), is no other than Professor Bunn, a Cockney-boin Shaksperian reciter, elocution-teacher, and—shall I say it?—"Sassenach spy." You may guess what sort of person is this so-called Professor—engaged by the crooil Lord-Lieutenant to teach the proper English accent—when I tell you that it has been written for that ever-droll Savoy low-comedian, Mr. Walter Passmore. I may add that the songs allotted to this chartered merry-maker deal chiefly with the proper exploitation of that "fearful wildfowl," the music-hall Irishman.

But, you will naturally ask, what of the harmless, necessary love-interest? Well, I am happy to say that *that* seems all right; there is,



MR. WALTER PASSMORE,
CAST AS PROFESSOR BUNN, A SHAKSPERIAN
RECITER, CHARACTER IMPERSONATOR, ETC., IN
"THE EMERALD ISLE."

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.



CAPTAIN BASIL HOOD, LIBRETTIST OF "THE EMERALD ISLE."

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



MR. EDWARD GERMAN,
WHO HAS COMPLETED SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S UNFINISHED OPERA, 'THE EMERALD ISLE,'
ANNOUNCED FOR PRODUCTION AT THE SAVOY NEXT SATURDAY.

Photo by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, W.

in effect, a triple love-interest. Firstly, the Lord-Lieutenant's lovely daughter, Lady Rosie Pippin (appropriately allotted to that beautiful bride-elect, Miss Isabel Jay), has, in un-daughter-like defiance of her august mother, the Countess of Newtown (the rich-voiced Miss Rosina Brandram), fallen in love with a young Irish lad, one Terence O'Brien (Mr. Robert Evett). Terence met her when he was far away in Ould England, and, alas, has since become a dangerous "rebel" against the aforesaid English accent-uated decree. When the young couple meet again, near Dublin Castle, many is the hard-hearted interference which tends to make their true love's course anything but smooth.

The next important love-interest is that between a lovely local colleen, Molly O'Grady (represented by the lovely Miss Louie Pounds), and a rogue of a fiddler named Pat Murphy, an apparently splendidly drawn character played by Mr. H. A. Lytton. It is in relation to this sweet colleen—who, for Pat's sake, pretends to believe in the fairy-folk—and the said fiddler, who is a "thru patriot," that there occurs the herein-beforementioned strong dramatic surprise which I prefer not to divulge.

For the rest, I have but to add that, in addition to the above strong characters, good parts have been allotted to Messrs. W. H. Leon, R. Crompton, R. Rous, C. Earldon, and P. Pinder, and the always charming Misses Agnes Fraser, Lulu Evans, and Blanche Gaston-Murray. Moreover, that you are sure to be attracted by the charm of the music of poor Sir Arthur Sullivan and the clever finisher of the score, Mr. Edward German, and the rich picturesqueness of the *mise-en-scène* as "produced" by that renowned expert, Mr. Richard Barker. In short, although death has, during the preparation of this piece, removed both Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. D'Oyly Carte, it will be found that Mrs. D'Oyly Carte will, as *The Sketch* predicted some weeks ago, more than uphold the Savoy Theatre's honoured traditions.—H. CHANCE NEWTON.

REHEARSAL OF "THE EMERALD ISLE" AT THE SAVOY: SOME APROPOS PORTRAITS



MR. HENRY A. LYTTON, WHO IS TO PLAY
PAT MURPHY.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM, THE COUNTESS
OF NEWTOWN.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MR. ROBERT EVETT, WHO IS TO PLAY
TERENCE O'BRIEN.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS AGNES FRASER, WHO WILL BE
A PRETTY KATHLEEN.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



MISS ISABEL JAY, WHO IS TO PLAY LADY
ROSIE PIPPIN.
Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



MISS LOUIE POUNDS, WHO WILL BE
MOLLY O'GRADY.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MR. J. JONES HEWSON, WHO WILL PLAY
THE EARL OF NEWTOWN, K.P.
Photo by Siedle Bros., Swansea.



MR. FRANÇOIS CELLIER, THE CONDUCTOR
OF THE SAVOY ORCHESTRA.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MR. RICHARD BARKER, THE SKILFUL
"PRODUCER" OF THE OPERA.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

AROUND ABOUT PALERMO.

BY HOWARD PAUL.

THE inclement weather during the past winter along the Riviera drove pleasure-seekers and invalids alike to seek a more settled climate in Sicily. There was snow during March at Marseilles, Naples, and Algiers, and it rained for days together all over Corsica, where bright, sunny weather is the rule in the last month of winter and early spring. So the tourists made their way to Palermo, which can be reached in ten hours from Naples by the excellent boats of the "Navigazione Generale Florio," which cross every night. There is a convenient service also from Marseilles every Wednesday direct to Palermo, calling at Tunis, and, given fair weather, it is a delightful excursion. Sicily, it is true, is a little farther off from England than the Riviera resorts, but surely it is wiser to travel four days and enjoy the



"THE BELLE OF PALERMO."

DELIGHTS OF BLUE SKIES

and almost perpetual sunshine than journey two days and cold as you would in England. Sicily, apart from its genial climate, is rich in historical associations, beginning from the earliest ages of antiquity and mythology. Here we can see the remains of the Temples of Theron, of Castor and Pollux, and of the Olympian Jupiter. Antiquarians will tell you that it is worth a journey to Catania to see the remains of the old Greek amphitheatre. It has been damaged by earthquakes, and Mount Etna overwhelmed it with lava about two centuries ago, when history records that twenty-seven thousand people perished. I had no idea that Etna was ninety miles around the base until I attempted to traverse it, which I abandoned in despair. Its top was covered with snow, which does not disappear until July. There are enterprising tourists who ascend the famous old volcano on mules, going up at night in order to see the sun rise. It is certainly a commanding spectacle. As Old Sol slowly gets up, the vast moving shadow of the mountain is projected over the country behind. The view would seem to embrace the greater part of Sicily, the Lipari Islands, and, when the air is luminous in fine weather, the coast of Italy can be discerned.

There are several interesting excursions from Palermo, notably to Catania, Castelvetro, Messina, and Marsala. In England we associate the latter place with the wine that was brought into vogue by Lord Nelson, who used it in his fleet when he was cruising about the Mediterranean. Tradition says that the sailors preferred grog, not finding Marsala quite strong enough for their palates.

Palermo is prettily called by the Sicilians

"LA CONCHIA D'ORO" ("GOLDEN SHELL"),

not only from its peculiar conformation, but from the luxuriant, brilliant masses of foliage which the richly stored gardens on all sides present. It is a veritable paradise of flowers. Geraniums, peonies, marguerites, pansies of every hue, wild cyclamen, daffodils, and white lilac charm the eye at every turn. One reads of the scented breezes of Ispahan, where the attar of roses is made: there are nooks and corners of Palermo where one can realise the perfumed zephyrs without going as far afield as Persia.

Stroll into the country, and there are hedges of aloe, prickly-pear, and miles of cactus, with its grotesquely twisted stems and sprawling, solid, pad-like spadix. The pretty pepper-tree, with its graceful, fringe-like foliage, abounds, and many varieties of palm adorn the landscape.

I was surprised to find Palermo such a busy, bustling city. The Corso Vittorio Emanuele, the principal thoroughfare—

PICCADILLY AND REGENT STREET COMBINED—

is crowded from one end of the day to the other with wayfarers, loungers, *fâneurs* gazing into the shop-windows. There they go, gallants and dames, in animated conversation, discussing the latest scandal, the newest gossip, the most fashionable play, the book which is the topic of the hour, the opera, the play, with episodic flirtations *en route*—all in the day's *délassements*. Various types among the Sicilians are quite noticeable. You see dark, swarthy faces in which there must be an Arab or Moorish strain, but the better classes preserve the comely Greek cast of classic feature evidently inherited from the conquerors of ages ago. As in northern cities,

THE "FAIR SEX" ARE WELL TO THE FORE

on the principal promenades and in the gardens, and there is a brave show of the brunette stamp. A blonde is a rarity, and when you meet one she is either an *Inglese* or a chubby, flaxen German visitor, and both nations are well represented here at present. The native ladies revel in bold colours; their boleros are in many shades of red and amber, and I observed that they pay scrupulous attention to the dressing of their luxuriant locks. A Sicilian *contadina* will spend as much time over the

dressing of her hair as a fine lady in Belgravia or the Quartier St. Germain would do. The rest of her toilet is not so closely regarded, nor does the scanty cheapness of her costume at all worry her; but she looks to it that her hair is attractively arranged. A favourite place to encounter the ladies by the young swells of Palermo is in front of the Duomo, and, as they appear after service, their male friends hand them nosegays and then proceed for a promenade to the Giardino Garibaldi or along the old harbour (La Caza). By the way, the Duomo, which dates from 1169, was erected by an Archbishop of English birth—the only instance of such a circumstance in Italy, I was informed.

It was gratifying to find that the sirocco is rarely felt, Palermo being so well sheltered, and during my stay, at the end of March and the beginning of April, the mean temperature stood at sixty-four degrees. A local English physician of long experience of Mediterranean resorts assured me that patients with bronchial afflictions and maladies affecting the larynx may winter in Palermo to their advantage. This is a point worth noting, as so many persons proceed to the South of Europe to mitigate troubles of the respiratory organs.

One reason why Palermo in the past has not been in such great favour with the wealthy English was the scarcity of really good hotels. This defect has been splendidly remedied, for

THE NEW GRAND VILLA IGIEA

is the most sumptuous hotel in the South of Europe, and its luxurious appointments are of a palatial order. It was originally built for a hydropathic establishment, and intended to be partly a philanthropic enterprise by its founder, Commendatore Florio, who spent over £200,000 on the edifice and its appurtenances. The idea was to receive two classes of visitors—patients who would be charged fifty francs a-day, and another series who would be provided for on nominal terms—and it was hoped that the establishment would be self-supporting, the richer patients practically paying for the poorer. This somewhat Quixotic, kindly scheme was not successful, in spite of the attractions held out to prospective patrons, such as a steam-yacht reserved for visitors, four-in-hand coaches, orchestral concerts, and theatre. After a six months' trial, the attempt to combine philanthropy with hotel-keeping was abandoned, and the Villa Igiea was turned into a hotel pure and simple, under the general management of Mr. Ritz, of the London Carlton, whose name is a guarantee of excellence in the hotel-world. The villa has a hundred and fifty rooms, overlooking a highly cultivated garden abounding in blossoms, and it is up-to-date in its entire equipment. Mr. A. Pacehler is the local Manager, and, as he is a graduate of the Hôtel Continental, Paris, he is a competent representative of Mr. Ritz, who is compelled to be in London and Paris certain months of the year.

THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH WELCOMES
THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE.

VIENNA was *en fête* from the 14th to the 19th of April in honour of the German Crown Prince. His Imperial Highness is being sent out by his august father to see something of the world on his own account, and, it is said in Germany, to seek a bride. The Emperor of Austria has always been on the most cordial terms of amity with the Hohenzollern dynasty, and it was but fitting that the young Crown Prince should make his first State visit, as it were, to Vienna. A series of splendid fêtes and banquets were given in the Imperial guest's honour, and this not only by the Emperor at the Hofburg and at Schonbrunn, but by other members of the Imperial family.

The Hofburg, though situated in Vienna, is to the Hapsburgs what Windsor is to our own Royal Family. A huge mass of building, some portions dating from the fourteenth century, others only just built, the Palace yet presents a very splendid appearance, and the State apartments are among the finest in Europe. The suite of rooms known as the Emperor's consists of an audience-room, a study, a bedroom, and a dining-room. There, when in his capital, Francis Joseph spends most of his time, his working hours being distinguished by rigid rule and Spartan simplicity. The fine apartment in which the Emperor receives his Ministers and intimate friends contains a remarkable collection of family portraits, and some fine Louis XVI. furniture sent by Marie Antoinette to her mother, Maria Theresa. In strange contrast are the business-like writing-table, movable book-cases filled with works of reference, and the Imperial despatch-boxes added by the present ruler of the Dual Kingdom.

Though himself singularly abstemious, the Emperor of Austria has the largest culinary establishment in Europe, and Royal *gourmets* declare that a Hofburg banquet is a meal to remember during a long life. The head *chef* has under him four minor *cordons bleus*, who are in their turn assisted by ten scullions and ten scullery-maids. Such a banquet as that offered last week to the German Crown Prince cost five hundred pounds, and yet the Emperor expects the most elaborate dinner to be served and eaten in under an hour. The menu of a State banquet served at the Hofburg contrasts in somewhat startling fashion with the host's own evening meal, which consists of plain clear soup and a cut from a joint, with sometimes a roast apple or bunch of grapes, the whole served, when the Emperor is alone, at the desk where he works up to the moment dinner is ready. Since the death of his Empress, Francis Joseph is constantly with his youngest daughter, the Archduchess Valerie, and her children, and he is also tenderly attached to the late Archduke Rudolph's only child, the Princess Elizabeth.

HOFBURG, WHERE THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA HAS BEEN ENTERTAINING THE
GERMAN CROWN PRINCE.



THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA'S ROOM AT THE HOFBURG PALACE.



VIEW OF THE HOFBURG PALACE, VIENNA.



MRS. LANGTRY AS MARIE ANTOINETTE

IN THE NEW PLAY, "A ROYAL NECKLACE" (ACT I, SCENE 2), AT THE RENOVATED IMPERIAL THEATRE.

"My Imperial Theatre has no past. Its future rests with me, and I do not intend to trifle with theatrical management."—FROM "THE SKETCH" INTERVIEW, April 17.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON AND DUBLIN.



MISS PHYLLIS RANKIN,

THE PIQUANTE ORIGINAL FIFI IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK," NOW APPEARING AT THE OXFORD.

"Now which do you like ze best, M'sieu, now which would you like to see, ze 'aughty, proud American girl, or ze lady from Gay Paree?"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

THE GYMNASTIC FÊTES AT NICE, HONoured WITH THE PRESENCE OF M. LOUBET.

From Photographs by J. Giletta, Nice.

REUNION OF THE COMPETITORS.



PRESIDENT LOUBET AND HIS CORTÈGE CROSSING THE PLACE MASSÉNA ON THE WAY TO THE ATHLETIC ARENA.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IS the American publisher going to teach his English *confrère* his business? It suggests teaching one's grandmother; but, after all, it must be remembered that even the most conservative of business-men are now following the lead of the United States, and that it has certainly taken an American company to make the English publisher realise the possibilities of selling books on the instalment plan. I fancy we shall see a considerable change in the methods of bringing new books before the public in the near future. The American publishers are proving that it pays to advertise, and to advertise enormously. I have been talking with one of the rising publishers of America, a man who has been connected with several of the largest successes of the past year, and he tells me that on one novel alone his firm spent no less than £3000 in advertising in the newspapers. The novel has sold about a hundred and twenty-five thousand copies, and the net profit to the publisher was something like £6000. That is good business. The question for the English publisher to decide is, whether the novel-buying public in this country warrants a big expenditure. Personally, I think it does, if—and it is a big “if”—the novel in question has really the elements of popularity. I do not believe in the possibilities of “booming” an intrinsically bad book, or a book which does not of itself make appeal to the crowd. I do believe, however, that a great part of the extraordinary success of such a book as “The Master Christian” was directly due to the admirable way in which it was advertised.

Mr. Charles Major, whose book “When Knighthood was in Flower,” published under the pseudonym “Edward Caskodan,” was very successful both here and in the United States, calls his new novel “The Bears of Blue River: an Historical Romance of Indiana in the Early 'Twenties.” A dramatisation of “When Knighthood was in Flower” has been a great success lately in the United States.

Mrs. Dudeney is a novelist who has arrived. She has done better work than her new book, “The Third Floor” (“Folly Corner” was a more artistically wrought book with a higher level of quiet excellence), but none more attractive, none showing so strongly the elements of permanent popularity. “The Third Floor” is too outrageously melodramatic in plot, and the story ends in an unsatisfactory *cul-de-sac*, but, in spite of manifest weaknesses, it is one of the brightest, wittiest, and most entertaining novels published this spring. Here are two sample sentences among many I have marked which may fairly serve as typical of Mrs. Dudeney's style—

A husband no longer controls his wife; he is only the Gold Stick in Waiting. The wood-pigeons made Valencia repeatedly droop her lids. They made such a sleepy sound; they seemed to heighten the sun, to make the day more hot and golden.

It contains, too, some really admirable character-sketches of the newest of new journalists, but is the following quite fair?

“As a matter of fact, Bushell tells us to read all manuscripts very carefully. He hates to see good stuff wasted. Sometimes the amateur has very good ideas, but he doesn't know how to dress them. We do that at the office. Then we send the manuscript back with a polite note, saying that we regret we cannot accept the article.” By a curious coincidence, we have one on the same subject now in type. We add that we shall be always pleased to consider anything that he may care to send in. Very often, in the case of an exceptional idea, Bushell signs the note. The amateur, poor fool, goes swelling round to all his friends showing the autograph, and building Heaven knows what on it. Bushell is a sharp man of business.”

“He's a vampire!” Roakes shouted, bringing his fist down angrily on the table.

“All editors are not like that. The old-established papers are quite behind the times,” Merry told him soothingly.

Mrs. Dudeney knows the inside of a good many newspaper-offices, and it is impossible to think that she has not originals in her mind's eye for most of her characters. Is such a statement, I ask, quite fair to the original inevitably suggested by Bushell?

Perhaps the cleverest thing in “The Third Floor” is the portrait of the man who is known to everyone as “the husband of Mrs. Patience Penrice”; the man who supplied the funds for his wife's crusade was immensely proud of her, and “evidently thought it an honour to be snubbed by such a public, much-talked-of woman.” He is a pathetic and striking figure, and I venture to think that Mrs. Dudeney has committed something like a crime against poetical justice in getting rid of him in such a callous manner. There are possibilities in Mrs. Patience Penrice which suggest that some day she might have become proud to be called the wife of Mr. Patience Penrice.

Mrs. Dudeney will, however, have to guard against the danger of caricature, a pitfall which waylays every clever writer. Miss Hebbway, the vulgar, good-hearted editor of one of Bushell's snippet papers (she was always known as “Hebbway,” and addressed as “a good chap”), is just without the bounds of reason. A little less, and what an excellent portrait of a typical personality we should have had! But Mrs. Dudeney will not convince me, and certainly she will not convince her women readers, that “Hebbway had not time to dress herself. She was ready-made; she left the ticket pinned to her ready-made shirts and skirts very often.” That is gross caricature. On the other hand, Hebbway's hats, selected “just on the turn of the tide,” and Hebbway's mackintosh, in which she bombarded editors because she had not a dress fit to be seen (“To this day the sight of mackintosh, the smell of it, gives her the blues”)—these are observed, lived. Mrs. Dudeney has, indeed, observed so well and so widely that she has no need of caricature. o. o.

SOME BOOKS AND JOTTINGS OF THE MONTH.

BY AN EXPERT OF “THE ROW.”

NO official announcement has yet been made as to the authorship of “An Englishwoman's Love Letters.” It is, however, from internal evidence, generally ascribed to

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

Whoever the author may be, he can be congratulated upon having produced a ferment of excitement and controversy in both the literary and social world. The author has not only secured a great success, but has created and fostered a taste for this passionate style of literature, which, in all probability, will be in vogue for some time to come.

MR. BARRY PAIN

has already produced “Another Englishwoman's Love Letters,” and we have also “The Love Letters of Prince Bismarck,” which shows how the man of blood and iron viewed the idyllic and sentimental. It is rumoured that a large box of

LOVE LETTERS BY CHARLES DICKENS

has been discovered, and, when arranged and edited, will be given to the world. These should prove interesting reading. During the past month there have been issued two books which will greatly interest those who are following the progress of events in China; the most important is

“THESE FROM THE LAND OF SINIM,” BY SIR ROBERT HART
(CHAPMAN AND HALL),

which consists of essays upon the Chinese question, written on the spot. There is no greater authority on this subject than Sir Robert Hart, and he gives us his opinion in this volume upon the Pekin Legations, China and Her Foreign Trade, the Boxers, the Reconstruction of China, and also her Commercial Relations. The other volume is

“A YEAR IN CHINA, 1899-1900,” BY CLIVE BIGHAM
(MACMILLAN AND Co.).

The author here describes in picturesque and vivid language what he saw during eighteen months' travelling up the Yang-tse Valley to the Tibetan Border, and also in Manchuria, traversing altogether over ten thousand miles of the Celestial Empire.

MR. BIGHAM

took part in Admiral Seymour's expedition for the relief of Pekin, and at the present juncture of affairs both these books will be found profitable reading.

For many generations,

“THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK”

has been an inexhaustible source for romance. A new work on this subject in which the mystery is solved has just been written by Mr. Tighe Hopkins (Hurst and Blackett). The author states that the hero of the iron mask was none other than Mattioli, an Italian adventurer.

Writers of fiction have been busy in preparing for the holiday season, and many very readable books will be found among the fiction issued during the month.

“LYSBETH,” BY RIDER HAGGARD (LONGMAN AND Co.), is a story of the Dutch, and at the present time this volume will be sure to attract considerable attention. A most enjoyable story is

“THE ETERNAL QUEST,” BY JOHN A. STEUART (HUTCHINSON AND Co.),

which, although based upon the everyday occurrence of two men in love with one maid, is cleverly worked out. The complications and entanglements are contrived with skill and ingenuity, but they are happily unravelled to the satisfaction of the lovers and also of the general reader. It is a book worth reading and studying, not only for its plot, but for its lofty purity and literary style.

“TANGLED TRINITIES,” BY D. WOODROFFE (W. HEINEMANN), is a sad but very real story: it is a satire on so-called Society in country districts. The heroine, the daughter of a clergyman, failing to realise the difference between the profession and practice in religious teaching, is eventually wrecked in the whirlpool of Society. The plot is original, and the book will leave a deep impression upon the mind of the reader.

“TAKEN BY ASSAULT,” BY MORLEY ROBERTS (SANDS AND Co.), is one of the many stories which have for their background the South African War; its date is before the relief of Kimberley, and it is a well-written and exciting tale of love, war, and adventure.

“THE CAREER OF A BEAUTY,” BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER
(F. V. WHITE),

like most of this author's works, is a story of the Army; it can be easily read, and will be thoroughly enjoyed. “The Life Story of Dinah Kellow,” by C. Hare (Ward, Lock, and Co.), is a country story of more than usual interest; it is full of pathos, and the plot is worked out with considerable power. A work full of interest to the collector is

“A BOOK OF THE POSTER,” BY W. T. ROGERS (GREENING AND Co.). Much art is now expended in the production of the modern pictorial placard, and in this volume will be found specimens from the designer as well as the colour-printer. It also contains a short history of the poster, with special reference to the productions of France, Germany, and America; it is a complete and valuable work upon an important and interesting subject.

STAGE REFORM AT COVENT GARDEN.

PROUD as London has always been—whether justly, matters not here—of its short Opera Season at Covent Garden, yet it has always been a cause of regret that the stage of the historic house was so woefully behind the times and so inadequately equipped.

The Royal Opera, Covent Garden, stands to all appearance unmoved amid its squalid and unsavoury surroundings as in the past, while



Mr. Doust, the Foreman of the Works.

PART OF THE NEW STAGE-FLOOR AT COVENT GARDEN, SHOWING ONE OF THE ELECTRIC BRIDGES RAISED NINE FEET ABOVE THE FLOOR-LEVEL.

inwardly it has been rudely awakened by the hand of the reformer, who has ruthlessly made breaches in the ancient walls, sent the roof up some twenty feet higher above the stage, and swept out the lumber and dust of ages, amongst which may be reckoned the old stage and its accessories.

Meanwhile, a new order of things has been inaugurated, and here and there have sprung up, like mushrooms, fine, well-ventilated rehearsal-rooms for chorus and ballet, six new dressing-rooms for the lady soloists, new property and scenery, storage-rooms, and many other necessary additions calculated to raise the artistic standard of the performances.

The instigator of all this revolution is Mr. Francis Neilson, whom the Syndicate was fortunate enough to secure last season as stage-manager. Earl de Grey and Mr. Higgins are enthusiasts in opera, and have a fine understanding for music and stage-management, and, although they are but amateurs, they were by no means blind to the need for reform at Covent Garden. Mr. Neil Forsyth, as business-manager, is far-seeing and shrewd, and can, by certain infallible signs, gauge the temper and taste of the audience to a nicety. Formerly, the audience was content to be dazzled by "stars." Now, without forswearing allegiance to its old favourites, it has awakened to an appreciation of something else besides. Therefore, when Mr. Neilson, a man of mettle and action, seeing at once all that was amiss, submitted his ideas for a radical and complete regeneration of that part of the organisation known as "behind the scenes," these were at once adopted, and Mr. Edwin O. Sachs drew up the plans, with the result that the record in stage-building has been broken, and London will henceforth rejoice in an opera-house practical and up-to-date as may be, short of entire rebuilding on another site.

One of the great advantages of the new installation is that everything except the actual flooring of the stage, flies, and gridiron, is of iron or steel, which greatly minimises the danger of fire, besides adding considerably to the strength and durability of the construction.

Every stage-floor consists of a more or less elaborate series of traps of different widths, for the purpose of facilitating the dressing of the stage for and during the performance, and the arrangement of the various sections gives scope for great ingenuity. The old wood stage was exceptionally inadequate for the production of modern grand opera, and the difficulties the stage-manager and his staff had to contend with were enormous. The new stage is of the most up-to-date type, worked by electro-motors. In the photograph above, one of the movable sections, or bridges, is shown raised fully nine feet above the

stage-level. Besides being used as a sort of lift to convey portions of set scenes either to or from the stage and the lower-stage, or mezzanine, these bridges are extremely valuable in scenes which require building up, as the last in "Aida," for instance, where they are used instead of a number of tables, trestles, and platforms fastened together to form a solid basis of the required height—an old-fashioned system of scene-setting involving considerable waste of labour and time and an unnecessary expenditure of patience on the part of the audience.

The whole of the upper machinery—that is, the arrangement of ropes for manipulating the scene-cloths, light-battens, &c.—is entirely new; it has been put in by Herr Felix Brandt, Stage-Engineer-in-Chief to the Court of Prussia, whose system is considered the most perfect in the world. The importance of this part of the machinery cannot be overestimated, for much of the success of the *mise-en-scène* is due to the smooth working and adequate equipment of this department. The photograph of the "gridiron" shows a vast area under the roof, so called from the arrangement of the planks composing the floor, and between which pass the steel cables that Herr Brandt uses instead of ropes, because these were always so liable to break, stretch, and catch in each other, causing many mishaps during the performance. Here, we are looking across the gridiron from side to side, and get a view of the various sets of lines, each of which passes over a little pulley-wheel on the floor.

In another illustration we see two of the new tubular battens as they hang from the gridiron, ready for a scene-cloth or border to be clamped on to them; in the old days, the batten was solid and clumsy, and the cloth had to be tied on, with the result that occasionally it did not hang straight, and therefore fouled as it was let down or drawn up. Covent Garden now has in it all the making of a fine opera-house, and there is no reason why it should not hold its place henceforth in the foremost rank; its armoury, for instance, is the finest in the world: it consists of a series of six rooms, under the charge of Mr. Goodbody, the armourer, who knows and loves his properties as if they were his own children. The walls are covered with morions, breast-plates, cuirasses, swords, rapiers of all periods, whilst the choicest specimens used by soloists, and the jewelled chains, belts, and headgear of all ages, are stored in numbered presses and drawers. Siegfried's shield and helm stand on the left of the first doorway, Hagen's on the right. When an opera is announced for the first time in the season, all the properties required from the armoury have to be collected some days in advance, cleaned, and overhauled. "Lohengrin" gives a vast amount of work to this department.

The paint-room is one of the most interesting spots in the building, and this year there has been unusual activity within its vast walls for months past; the change in the stage-floor from sloping to flat made it necessary to alter all the wings, sets, and flats, whose perspective would otherwise have been faulty. Against the walls of the paint-room are enormous movable frames on which the canvas is stretched, and, as the artist covers the ground, this is raised or lowered through a cut in the floor (shown in the tapestry photograph) by means of windlasses. An entirely fresh set of scenery has been painted for "Aida,"

Mr. B. Smith's First Assistant.



Mr. Alfred Dixon.

Mr. Bruce Smith.

COVENT GARDEN PAINT-ROOM: AT WORK ON THE NEW SCENERY FOR "AIDA."

From Photographs by K. Schlessinger.

the Egyptian Temple represented in the photograph forming part of it. How excellent a piece of work this is, is shown by the effect it produces in the photograph: one might imagine the paint-room to be the deck of some craft floating down the Nile, from which the Temple

scene-painters all work simultaneously at the same cloth, which rarely remains more than a couple of days on the rack.

The tailoring and dressmaking departments and the wardrobe stores have been shifted over to the "O.P." side of the building,

BEHIND THE SCENES AT COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE.



PART OF THE ARMOURY.

is seen in the haze. The piece of tapestry, destined for "Romeo and Juliet," is a masterpiece of Mr. Alfred Dixon's, the clever artist who painted the Academy scene for "Hearts are Trumps." A little scene-model forms an exact sketch of a mediæval street-scene, which can be set up in several different ways to suit various operas. After this model has been tried and found to work satisfactorily, it is reproduced on the canvas. Mr. Bruce Smith, Mr. Alfred Dixon, and the assistant



THE NEW TUBULAR CLOTH-BATTENS, SEEN FROM THE FLIES.

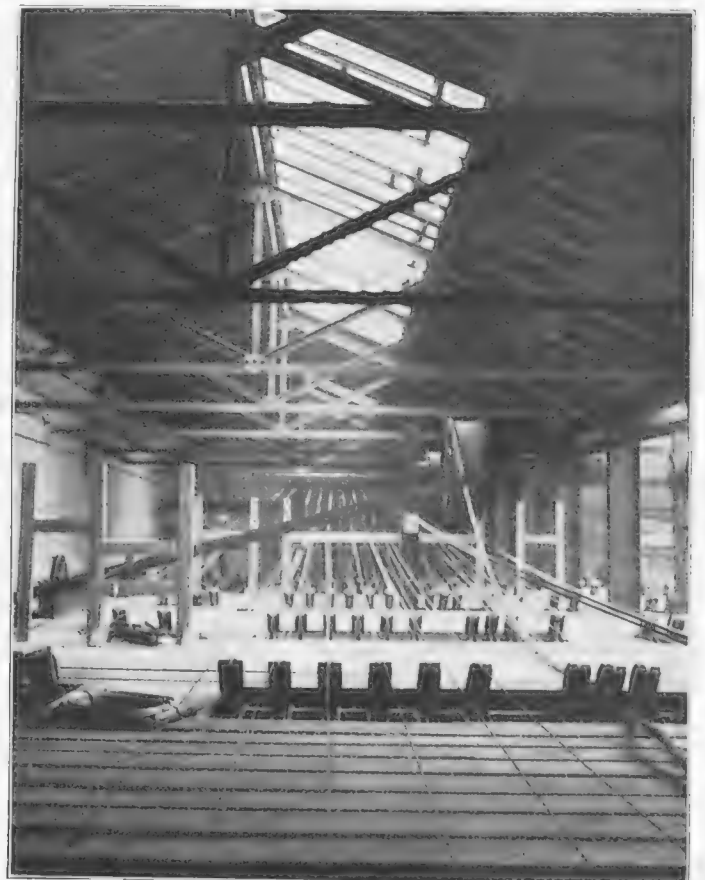
where the staff has for some time been busy preparing and renovating the costumes for the season; the organisation is excellent here, and in no way inferior to that of the best-managed Continental opera-houses.

As soon as the staff has become familiar with the new machinery, we may expect to see some substantial results during the coming season, which promises to be a brilliant one.

K. S.



MR ALFRED DIXON PAINTING THE NEW TAPESTRY HANGINGS FOR "ROMEO AND JULIET," WITH WHICH THE SEASON OPENS.



PART OF THE GRIDIRON, RAISED TWENTY FEET TO ALLOW OF THE SCENE-CLOTHS BEING DRAWN UP RIGHT OUT OF SIGHT.

From Photographs by K. Schlesinger.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE BELLS OF SAN JUAN DEL REY.

BY G. FIRTH SCOTT.



THE name of Santa Cruz is not restricted to one town or place within the wide area of the earth's surface that has rendered homage, at one time or another, to Spain, though this fact would have been hotly disputed by the inhabitants of the little village which appeared in no map and was almost hidden from sight by the peaks and precipices of the surrounding Sierras. There were few people outside of the little mountain-village who knew that it had a name at all, and those were mostly the inhabitants of the neighbouring village of San Juan del Rey. San Juan was perched upon a small plateau on the next hill to Santa Cruz, and, as the crow flies, was a couple of miles away, but as the road ran the distance was nearer thirty. On clear days, the people of Santa Cruz could see the priests walking in procession through the street of San Juan, for there was a monastery and a convent at the latter place, and, when the wind was not blowing the wrong way, the sound of the convent and monastery bells floated over the intervening valley and brought messages of peace and faith and fraternity to the people of Santa Cruz.

Visitors were rare at Santa Cruz, and rarer still at San Juan, so that, when four young English artists, full of Anglo-Saxon energy and uproarious merriment, arrived at the one inn possessed by San Juan, there was a prolonged and excited debate as to what should be done with them. The Abbot, the Mayor, the Innkeeper, and a large following of priests carried on the discussion. The Abbot said it was impossible for them to stay, and the Mayor said it was impossible if the Church said it was impossible. The Innkeeper held a different view. It was the first time he had had a chance of entertaining real, paying guests since he had succeeded to the inn, at the death of his father, twenty years before. Once, he said, tradition spoke of guests being more numerous. Then the Abbot came, and the guests were warned off, with the result that the Innkeeper's trade suffered, until, under a happy inspiration, he formed a corps of brigands to capture the guests on their homeward journey, and hold them for the ransom which would otherwise have entered the Innkeeper's till in the ordinary course of business. But the guests failed to appreciate these efforts made for their entertainment, and travellers learned to avoid the road that led to either San Juan or Santa Cruz, until the Innkeeper had to disband his bandits, and was almost ruined by the bill they presented for salaries in arrears and overtime earned in their anxiety to catch sight of anyone coming up the mountain-road. The bandits having been disbanded, the Innkeeper was forced back upon the ordinary methods of trade for the acquisition of the travellers' cash, pending such time as he could once more organise his corps of assistants, and, therefore, he stoutly opposed the decree that was issued to dismiss his four English guests.

The Abbot, however, was obdurate, and the Innkeeper ultimately was left to choose whether he would suffer excommunication by the Church, as represented by the Abbot, and ostracism by the State, as represented by the Mayor, or encompass the prompt eviction of his unwelcome guests.

In despair, the man approached them and explained, in subdued tones, that the views round San Juan were not to be compared with the views round Santa Cruz. Three of the four said at once they were convinced he was right, and expressed their intention of proceeding to Santa Cruz as soon as a conveyance could be obtained. The fourth said nothing at the moment, for it happened that he was absent sketching. On his return, the Innkeeper waited upon him, whilst the other three explained their plans of early removal.

He listened quietly to what they had to say, and then made the Innkeeper's heart stand still by declaring that they might go if they liked, but that, for the present, he would stay where he was.

"Ah, but, sir, you cannot, you cannot!" the Innkeeper exclaimed emphatically.

"Cannot? Why?" the Englishman, who happened to be a very sturdy specimen of the race, inquired. "I say I'm not going. Are you going to make me?"

"But we're going, old chap! There's not a sketch to be made in the beastly place, and every step one takes is to bump against a priest. The place is alive with them. They say the sound of the bells at Santa Cruz is alone worth going for, while here, I must say, they sound a bit cracked."

"All right! You fellows go. I'll join you in a day or two; but I've started a sketch of the old church, and I'm going to stop and finish it."

"The Abbot will forbid it!" the Innkeeper exclaimed. "He will say—"

The Englishman looked at the dark-browed Spaniard.

"The Abbot rules the monastery, but the Curé has control of the church, and the Curé has given me permission and has accepted a

Madonna I am to paint for him in return. So you see, boys," he went on, turning to his companions, "my arrangements are all made, too. I don't want you to change yours for me, and I'm not going to change mine for you. You go on to this next place, and I'll join you in a day or two."

"This is Tuesday. Will you join us on Thursday?" one of the three asked.

"Make it Friday," replied the other.

The inn at Santa Cruz was an improvement on that at San Juan, and there were no priests in the village, so that the three artists had nothing at which to complain when, on the Wednesday afternoon, they sat beneath a vine-covered trellis and looked across the blue splendour of the valley to where, a couple of miles away, the village of San Juan nestled beside its monastery and its convent at the foot of its little church. The wind blew gently from the direction of San Juan, and there was speculation in the minds of the three artists as to the actual effect the sounds of the monastery bells would produce, when, faintly, there came to them the mournful tolling of a passing-bell.

"I hope Val is all right!" one of the three exclaimed sharply.

The others laughed. "You don't think that is for him, do you? Why, look! There is the funeral procession going up the street now," one said.

Away across the valley, in the little street of what looked like a toy village, a toy procession of black-robed figures was to be seen moving slowly and painfully towards the church. It was a long procession, as though every priest and every monk from the monastery was taking part in it, while one of the artists, not being versed in such things, declared he also made out the figures of black-robed nuns, with one in gleaming white walking in their midst. As an Englishman, he formed his opinion and stuck to it, in spite of the assurances of his friends that he was in error and the continuous shaking of the head of every inhabitant of Santa Cruz to whom he was able to appeal for corroboration.

But the discussion aroused by his assertion occupied the time and the attention of the three so well that they failed to notice that the tolling of the bell had ceased and that all persons had disappeared from the little street of the little toy village. They were still occupied in the discussion, when on the faint breeze there was borne the clash and clamour of peals of bells ringing in all the abandon of joyous wedding-chimes.

The three men looked at one another for a moment.

"What manner of day is this," one of them asked, "when a village of six houses has a funeral and a wedding within an hour of one another?"

"I notice you do not connect those bells with Val, as you did the tolling, Stanley," the second man remarked.

"Well, you know what an obstinate, impulsive beggar he is," Stanley answered. "It is quite fair to imagine him having a row with the whole village, priests and all, and getting his quietus now that we are all out of the way."

"From what I know of the gentleman, I should say that those bells that are clanging over there have much more to do with him than the other. Meantime, I must say that the beauty of the sounds of which we heard so much is a very overrated entertainment."

The subject passed from their minds, and, until they sat round the table in the quaint common room of the inn, after the sun had gone down, smoking and chatting upon the prospects of Santa Cruz as a centre of inspiration, the absent Val did not receive another thought. Nor when their minds did turn to him was it of their own accord.

A sudden bustling about inside the inn and the sounds of many voices came to them and disturbed the quiet they were enjoying. They paused in their conversation to listen, and heard the unmistakable tones of Val's voice. A moment later, the door of the room was thrown open, and in the doorway stood their comrade. But it was not his appearance that made them start to their feet with exclamations of amazement.

On his arm, clinging to him as to her protecting genius, was a young girl, exquisitely dressed in a dazzling white bridal costume, with her bridal veil, somewhat crumpled, still fastened to her raven-black hair, and her great, lustrous eyes staring at the three Englishmen with an expression of undisguised wonder.

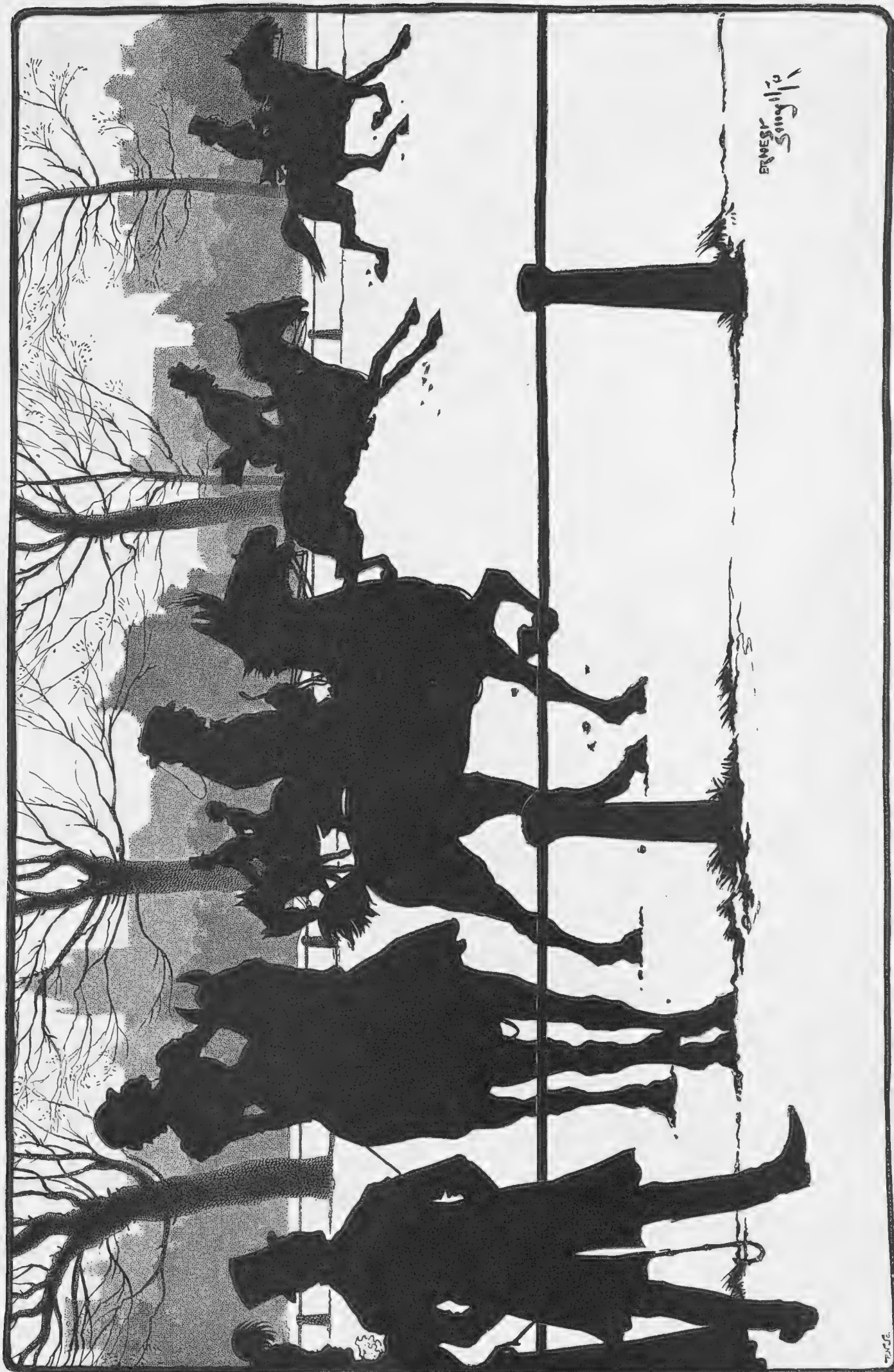
"Gentlemen," said Val, "let me present to you Mrs. Val Renshaw, my wife, for whose protection and safety I may yet need your assistance."

The men stood open-mouthed, for the words left them speechless in their astonishment. The girl, with one hand still lightly resting on her husband's arm, made a sweeping bow towards them, and her movement brought them back to reality. Warmly they greeted him, and to her they extended their unveiled homage and admiration.

"We start with the dawn," Val said. "There is room for all of us. Will you come too? We must be out of this locality without delay. I can tell you the story as we go."

Without question, the three agreed to the proposal, and by the following midday they were many miles beyond the sound of the bells of San Juan, when they stopped at a wayside inn for rest and Val had an opportunity of telling the story they were all consumed to hear.

"You have probably come to the conclusion that my saying I wanted to complete a sketch of the old church was only a blind," he



THIS YEAR'S LONDON SEASON: MORNING IN ROTTEN ROW.

began; "but, if so, you are wrong. I was absolutely sincere, and I was at work yesterday morning when I found there was a good deal of coming and going in the place. Once, the old Curé passed through and stopped by me just long enough to say that I had his full permission to stay, and that I was to pay no heed to anyone who told me otherwise. But, as it happened, no one said anything to me, though the presence of people going and coming did somewhat interfere with my work. Presently a bell began to toll, and I noticed that, just inside the altar-rails, what I had previously regarded as a piece of oak-panelling had been folded back, leaving exposed an iron grating twice as large as an ordinary door, behind which there was complete blackness. I was interested, and sat on my camp-stool, watching. Soon I could hear the slow, measured tramp of feet approaching the church, and then a long procession of monks and priests bearing lighted candles passed up the aisle and almost filled the edifice. The villagers followed behind and filled every remaining seat, and I wondered what was to take place next, when a rustling beyond the grating I have mentioned made me look towards it. In the darkness beyond, I could just distinguish the forms of nuns robed in black, and at once I understood what the ceremony meant. A novice was to be admitted into the convent.

"My anticipations were correct, for, even as they came to me, I heard a light footfall in the aisle of the church, and turned in time to see what I do not hesitate to call the loveliest, queenliest figure that ever graced the name of woman. She was dressed in a white wedding-robe, with a veil over her black hair, and she walked up to the altar-rails with a shrinking, hesitating step that appealed to me as the step of a martyr rather than of one who was performing a pious duty. I suppose I am impulsive, but from that moment I was conscious of only one desire, one wish, and that was——"

"You didn't carry her off?" Stanley exclaimed fiercely. "If you did, our lives——"

"Don't be alarmed," Val replied. "I would have carried her off, or tried to, anyway, but—well, you are anticipating. The idea that had come to me was that this girl was being sacrificed, was being forced to go into a convent against her will, and I felt my blood growing warmer every moment as the idea became stronger. I had difficulty in restraining myself, for my impulse was to rush forward and demand of the girl whether I was right or not, offering her my protection, if she needed it, to escape. But I glanced round the crowded church and saw the abject folly of such an act. All that I could do was to sit still and watch.

"The girl was kneeling at the altar-rails, and the ceremony was proceeding; but to me it was all as a dream, until there came a hush through the church, and I saw that the Abbot was ascending the pulpit. With my eyes still on that shrinking, girlish figure, I heard the voice of the old man as he proceeded to read what seemed to me to be a will. Unconsciously, I followed the words. They were that the girl was to be the sole heiress of some estates, but that, for something she had done in the past, she was to be confined in the Convent of San Juan until she was old enough to take the veil, when she was to be taken to the village church, and, while kneeling at the altar-rails, at the very moment when the ceremony of admitting her to the Order—at the very moment when she was to be irrevocably married to the Church, one condition was to be allowed her to escape. From the pulpit the will was to be read, and at its conclusion there came the condition I have referred to. If the girl entered the Order, her wealth was to go to the Church; but, if there was anyone willing there and then to marry her, he was to step forward, proclaim his intention, and the girl was to be married to him instead of to the Church.

"My brain reeled as I heard the words. Then came a deathly silence in the church. The Abbot looked round with a smile upon his thin lips that made my blood leap in my veins, and from behind that iron grating there came the sound of women's voices singing in soft, subdued tones. The Abbot turned to descend the pulpit-stairs, and I sprang to my feet. 'I claim her for my wife!' I shouted.

"A cry, such a cry as one might hear from a rescued soul, a cry so full of joy and gladness that it was a very poem of melody, escaped from the girl as she rose from her knees at the altar-rails and turned to me with outstretched arms. I leaped to her side and had her hands in mine—and then the silence of that church came upon me.

"There was not a sound, not a movement, and for the moment the silence struck terror into my heart, until I felt the soft, warm fingers close on to mine, and a whisper reached my ears from her lips, 'For the memory of your mother, save me!'

"Then I faced the altar-rails, and saw the frowning anger on the faces of the priests and monks within.

"'I claim her at the altar,' I said. 'Complete your marriage ceremony.'

"I remember something of the ceremony they performed. The iron grating was covered by the folding panels even as we stood there, and, when the last rite was performed and she for whom I had conceived so wild a passion was my wife, I looked round. The church was empty.

"From outside there came the clang of the wedding-bells ringing in strange abandon, and as I stood, with her clinging to my arm, the old Curé came up to us and blessed us.

"'A carriage waits you at the door,' he said to me. 'Join your friends at Santa Cruz without delay, and hasten from the district. Here are all the documents you need. Take them to Madrid, and then—go home to England with your bride, and may the peace of Heaven which passes all understanding be yours both now and for ever.'

"He saw us to the carriage, and, without a stop, we drove fast till we reached Santa Cruz. The rest you know."

MILITARY NOTES.

WANTED—ARMY OFFICERS.

AT the Service Clubs just now the prevailing topic of conversation is the scarcity of military officers. That this dearth is real, and not imaginary, may, perhaps, be best appreciated by civilians by telling them that, quite recently in one of the most important garrisons in England, there were only seventeen officers to six thousand men. Of these officers, too, no less than ten had no higher rank than that of Second-Lieutenant. The chief drain upon the commissioned ranks of the Army has, of course, been furnished by the long-sustained campaign in South Africa. This has accounted, one way and another, for as many as 2599 officers of various grades, from General to subaltern. Another factor which has contributed to the existing dearth is the formation of the new Royal Reserve Regiment, for the eight battalions of which over two hundred officers have to be provided.

A WELL-DESERVED APPOINTMENT.

Conspicuous among the Army officers who have recently celebrated their birthdays is Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Forestier-Walker, who has been commanding the lines of communication in South Africa since August 1899. The efficient manner in which he has discharged the onerous duties of the position for so long a period has attracted the favourable notice of the Commander-in-Chief. By him, indeed, he has just been selected to succeed General Chapman in command of the troops in Scotland. As Sir Frederick is only fifty-seven years of age, he can remain on the active list for nearly another decade.

THE MILITARY KNIGHTS OF WINDSOR.

The vacancy which was caused among the Military Knights of Windsor by the recent death of Captain Pickworth has just been filled up by the appointment thereto of Colonel H. G. E. Somerset. For some time past this officer has been one of the Knights of the Order, but he was not, as is now the case, on what is known as its "Royal Foundation." Colonel Somerset saw active service over half-a-century ago in South Africa, for he took part in the Kaffir Wars of 1847 and 1850. In these operations he served with the Cape Mounted Riflemen. The regiment to which he belonged, however, was the 3rd Foot. This has now become transformed into the East Kent Regiment.

"V.C." AND "D.S.O."

Lieutenant F. A. Maxwell, Indian Staff Corps, who has been awarded the Victoria Cross, is already in possession of the Distinguished Service Order. He is thus one of the few officers who can write both "V.C." and "D.S.O." after his name. His first experience of war was gained in the Waziristan Expedition of 1894. He then served in Chitral and on the North-West Frontier. Last November he was appointed Aide-de-Camp to Lord Kitchener. Up to date, this young officer's record is ten years' service, four campaigns, one Victoria Cross, and one Distinguished Service Order. Had he lived in Napoleon's days, he would probably have been a General, instead of merely a subaltern, by this time.

A COMPLIMENT TO CANADA.

A great compliment has just been paid the Royal Canadian Artillery by Earl Roberts in accepting the Honorary Colonelcy of the regiment. Writing on the subject to the authorities, "Bobs" remarked, "I feel proud to be associated by so close a tie with the regiment which has already served under my command, and which has rendered so excellent an account of itself in South Africa." At Quebec (where the headquarters of the corps are), the greatest satisfaction is felt at this generous tribute to Canada's soldiers.

RECOVERY OF LORD METHUEN.

The many friends of Lord Methuen will have been delighted to read of his discharge from hospital to duty a few days ago. He has been suffering from an attack of fever, brought on, in the first instance, by overwork and exposure. As the officer commanding the 1st Division of the Forces in South Africa, Lord Methuen has been indefatigable in securing the well-being of all ranks serving under him. The hard buffets which Fortune has dealt him—especially during the earlier stages of the War—would have sufficed to break down most people. Lord Methuen, however, has outlived them, as he has the calumny and misrepresentation of the "Hooligan" Press.

Has the writer of the reviews of new fiction in the *Spectator* never heard of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, and of a certain "Pseudonym Library"? In a recent issue is this delightful sentence: "We gather from a list of Mr. Raymond's works given in 'Who's Who' that the two longest stories in this picturesquely named collection, 'Gentleman Upcott's Daughter' and 'Young Sam and Sabina,' first saw the light seven or eight years ago; but, as no indication of this fact is given in the present issue, we presume that they were published locally." "Published locally" is really excellent. As an antidote to this, it is a pleasure to be able to refer to the same writer's very sensible review of Mr. Charles Marriott's "The Column," which, on the authority of a "Cable from London" published in New York, is having "an enormous boom in this country." "'The Column' is a positive carnival of literary stilt-walking. That it will exert a considerable intellectual titillation on minds trained to accept sophisticated phrase-coining as an evidence of genius, we can predict as confidently as that it will stir honest Philistines to homicidal exasperation."

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S PRODUCTION OF "CORIOLANUS," AT THE LYCEUM.

THE latest is, in some respects, the most remarkable production in the Irving record. No doubt, "Coriolanus" is not the most interesting of the Shaksperian dramas revived by Sir Henry, but it has at least given him scope for a superb production. Aided by Sir L. Alma-Tadema and Messrs. Harker and Hawes Craven, the great tragedian, himself of astonishing ability as *metteur-en-scène*, has given a



MISS JANETTE STEER, WHO APPEARS AT THE GARRICK THEATRE IN A NEW PLAY ENTITLED "THE QUEEN'S DOUBLE."

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

collection of pictures of old Rome of the greatest interest and beauty, and the effect of the brilliant spectacle is greatly heightened by the admirable appropriate music of Sir Alexander Mackenzie. So there is little wonder that the audience, dazzled and delighted by the production, and still under the influence of Sir Henry and Miss Ellen Terry in the principal parts, were enthusiastic in applause. By-the-bye, the speech of Sir Henry, in thanking the house, was couched in terms of profound respect to the audience, which may rather vex some of our other actor-managers who hardly accept the idea that they are servants of the public. Concerning the tragedy itself, enough has been said—perhaps even too much—and it is needless for *The Sketch* to discuss the question of the exact nature of the over-proud warrior or trouble whether Caius Marcius really was an heroic figure or merely a bombastic fellow with more muscle and greater scorn of death than his fellow-citizens. In Sir Henry's hands he becomes a very picturesque, strange creature, exceedingly interesting, and in a sense rather painful, and very pathetic in some of the scenes. One can imagine the part played in a noisy, vigorous fashion that might render the Roman more effective as a stage creature, but also less noteworthy as a human being. Frankly, the new Coriolanus seems rather a great man with a curious kink in his character than a mere boastful fighting-man. How far this treatment of the character is preferable, from a dramatic point of view, is, no doubt, a debatable question, though there can be no dispute as to the way in which Sir Henry carried it out. The Volumnia of Ellen Terry stands in the same relation to the popular conception of the part as her Lady Macbeth to the generally accepted idea of the murderess. Her Volumnia, instead of being a noisy, fierce, scolding, patrician dame, is a proud but charming creature who wisely places more reliance on persuasion than coercion with her formidable son; and the only complaint one is forced to make against her performance is that she committed the agreeable sin of looking too young. The most unqualified success was that of Mr. Barnes, a dignified, amusing, and pathetic Menenius Agrippa whose performance could hardly have been excelled. Miss Hackney, the "most gracious silence" wife, played prettily, and no more could be done with the part. Mr. Laurence Irving presented a very clever character-study of one of the malevolent Tribunes; and Mr. James Hearn showed no mean skill in giving a distinct individuality to the other. Perhaps no other members of the company were very conspicuous, but it must be

remembered that all are, to a great extent, subordinated in the Lyceum play to the chief characters. Perhaps, in reading the part of Tullus Aufidius, something of a mistake has been made, since it may be imagined that Shakspeare intended him really to act as a foil for Coriolanus—a name which, by-the-bye, was pronounced with all the stress on the "a"—for there has been much discussion in the past as to the proper pronunciation.

FASHION IN MUSIC.

There is a fashion in Music as well as in Art, Literature, and many other things. Mozart is in some respects the most melodious of all composers. But who cares for Mozart now? Like the genial Haydn, he is utterly neglected. Coming to later days, notice the complete apathy with which Rossini is regarded. I may mention, *en passant*, that few modern vocalists can sing Rossini's music. But the florid school of composition is now ignored in favour of the broad, dramatic style. Wagner's prediction in his articles, written half-a-century ago, that Opera would die out and be replaced by Music-Dramas has been well-nigh fulfilled. The old-fashioned songs, choruses, and concerted pieces, once so popular in Italian Opera, have nearly vanished, although it is curious that Wagner, in "Rienzi," started on his wonderful career with a Grand Opera of the Italian School. Later in life, he repudiated it as "one of the musical sins of his youth."

SIEGFRIED WAGNER'S OPERA.

But "the whirligig of Time brings its revenges." The new opera by Siegfried Wagner is a total failure. The only composer who has met with any success in following Wagner is Humperdinck, who in his delightful "Hänsel and Gretel" has produced a masterpiece by engrafting Wagner's method on his own genius.

THE LONDON MUSICAL FESTIVAL

of Mr. Robert Newman, at the Queen's Hall, deserves to be a brilliant success. Some new works not yet heard in London will be included in the scheme, and the reappearance of the famous Parisian Orchestral Conductor, M. Colonne, is quite an important event. He will conduct Bizet's "Patrie" overture, a choice work by the composer of "Carmen"; also Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, a symphony by the gifted but



MISS IDA YEOLAND,

WHO RECENTLY AND WITH GREAT SUCCESS PLAYED THE PART OF LADY URSULA AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S DURING THE INDISPOSITION OF MISS EVELYN MILLARD.

Photo by W and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

unfortunate César Franck, and works by Berlioz and Wagner. I feel convinced that M. Colonne will startle some of our old-fashioned musicians, for he is a conductor of genius.

M. YSAÏE, THE GREAT VIOLINIST,

will also conduct a number of important works at the London Musical Festival. M. Saint-Saëns, perhaps the foremost of modern French musicians, will play a pianoforte concerto of Mozart, and his own "Africa," an extraordinary Fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra. Herr Weingartner, one of the greatest of modern German conductors,

will produce a Symphony of his own and conduct works of Beethoven and Wagner. Nor will Mr. Wood be overlooked. His valuable services have been fully recognised. Mr. Elgar's beautiful variations for the orchestra, Tschaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony, and Mr. Cowen's exquisite

"Butterfly's Ball" will be given under Mr. Wood's direction. A new solo-pianist, Mr. Harold Bauer, will, I anticipate, make a great impression, owing to his breadth of style and technical proficiency.

MISS JEANNIE MACDONALD.

To play the part of Lady Holyrood in "Florodora" as Miss Ada Reeve used to play it is no easy matter, but probably no one has more nearly approached the original than has Miss Jeannie Macdonald, the bright particular "star" of the "Florodora" South Company. Miss Macdonald has played many parts in true comedy and light opera, and with invariable success. It was when touring



MISS JEANNIE MACDONALD, LEADING LADY IN THE "FLORODORA" SOUTH COMPANY.

Photo by Langhler, Old Bond Street, W.

with "San Toy" that Mr. Tom B. Davis heard this clever artist at Folkestone, and at once engaged her. Since her childhood it has been the wish of her heart to appear on the Lyric Theatre stage. It is more than likely that her hopes will be fulfilled.

CRESWICK AND VANDENHOFF AS CORIOLANUS.

A Correspondent writes: "Dear *Sketch*, as I was much interested in your portrait of Edmund Kean as Coriolanus, I think other of your readers may be interested in the accompanying portraits of Creswick and Vandenhoff in the same character. The fact of Creswick being so enthusiastic an actor of Shaksperian rôles from the day of his first appearance at the little theatre in Magdalen Street, Oxford, in 1836, when he was only twenty-three, and the reputation of John Vandenhoff as an actor who 'never inflated tragedy into bombast, or degraded comedy with buffoonery,' will, I think, commend these rather quaint portraits to the favour of the thousands of good playgoers whom you number amongst your readers."

A particularly lurid play is

"THE MANDARIN,"

the new five-act melodrama by Alicia Ramsey and Rudolph de Cordova, produced last week at the Grand Theatre, Islington. Without keeping too closely to history, the authors have provided a strong and interesting story on the subject of the late Pekin trouble, including the siege (and relief) of the British Legation. The blowing-up of the Viceroy's Palace at the end of the fourth Act is as realistic and sensational a scene as the most jaded Islingtonian or Surreyite could require, and the fifth Act goes literally with a "bang" from start to finish. The



MR. CRESWICK AS CORIOLANUS (ACT V., SCENE 5).

talented authors would do well, perhaps, to cut the opening scene of the second Act a little, and the comedy throughout the play might be amplified with advantage. Otherwise, very little alteration is necessary to make "The Mandarin" a standing theatrical dish for sensation-loving audiences. In the part of the heroine, Miss Dorothea Baird played with a fire and dash that would have surprised even the most ardent of her admirers in the West-End of the town. Miss May Congdon made a sympathetic little French girl, all love and tears; Mr. Harry B. Stanford was quite convincing as the hero; Mr. Ernest Lawford was good as Bobby; Mr. Yorke Stephens represented, happily, Mr. Yorke Stephens; and Mr. Douglas Gordon was really excellent as Li Lung Foo, a Chinese missionary. A very artistic little picture of a Chinese servant who is devotedly attached to his English master was presented by Mr. Metcalfe Wood. Mr. Rudolph de Cordova was dignified and impressive in the very long and trying part of the Viceroy, and Mr. Charles Fulton played the villainous Mandarin—who, by the way, becomes an angel at a convenient but otherwise unlikely moment—in his usual broad and effective manner. The piece was adequately mounted and well dressed, and should prove a big success.

"SWEET AND TWENTY."

According to arrangements in force at the time of going to press, the new Vaudeville play, "Sweet and Twenty," will be produced to-night (Wednesday).

This three-act comedy is, as already stated in *The Sketch*, the work of Captain Basil Hood, who has for some weeks past had to divide himself, as it were, between the Vaudeville and the Savoy. At the last-named house, his libretto for "The Emerald Isle" is due for production next Saturday.

"Sweet and Twenty" is, I find, a comedy of the purely idyllic kind. It is a simple love-story simply told, but it will, methinks, be none the less welcome on that account. Surely the success of "The Wilderness" at the St. James's and of "The Second in Command" at the Haymarket is sufficient proof that playgoers are only too glad to welcome wholesome love-plays to our stage.

In "Sweet and Twenty," two brothers, the sons of a fine old West Country clergyman, will be found to be deeply in love with the same damsel—the one, of course, whose description tallies with the title. The elder brother is (as Wilkins Micawber junior was) intended for the Church, and is therefore cool and calm—not to say calculating. The younger is a sailor bold, who—but thereby hangs a tale, which, although simple, as I say, nevertheless seems fraught with excellent histrionic possibilities. These possibilities will be found pretty evenly distributed between Mr. Holbrook Blinn and Mr. Seymour Hicks, as the elder and younger brothers respectively; Mr. J. D. Beveridge, as their ecclesiastical father; Miss Mary Rorke, as a faithful and lovable servant of the family; Miss Vane Featherston, as a young mother who will be found to emulate that famous M.P., "Single-Speech" Hamilton; and Miss Ellaline Terriss, whose character as the Sweet and Twenty heroine appears to "shape" finely, as players say. Oh! by the way, 'twere well to keep your eye upon a certain Little Child in this piece. "Sweet and Twenty" will be preceded by a new operetta written by Mr. Seymour Hicks, set to music by Mr. Walter Slaughter, and entitled "You and I."

THE CAST OF "THE QUEEN'S DOUBLE,"

which is due at the Garrick on Saturday, April 27, contains no less than thirty-six characters. Miss Janette Steer's dual rôle of Marie Antoinette and Léonie, the Management assures me, will be a most arduous one, requiring no less than twelve changes of costume at each performance. Some very beautiful sets of Versailles have been painted.

MR. H. BEERBOHM TREE

has, you will be glad to hear, definitely decided upon a grand revival of "The Merchant of Venice," at Her Majesty's (with himself as Shylock), before he produces Mr. Stephen Phillips's new Homeric play written around the peregrinating Ulysses.



MR. VANDENHOFF AS CORIOLANUS (ACT II., SCENE 3).

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The Eternal Weather—The New Craze—Making of Roads—Cyclists as Guards—The Harrogate Meet—Amateur Racing—The Purchase of a Saddle—A New Hint.

Time to light up: Wednesday, April 24, 8.7; Thursday, 8.9; Friday, 8.11; Saturday, 8.13; Sunday, 8.15; Monday, 8.16; Tuesday, 8.17.

Judging from the last few months, there is a great deal of truth in the satirical observation of the foreigner that England has a deal of weather, but no climate. Possibly, by the time these lines are printed the country-side will be gay and blooming and the roads everything the heart of the cyclist can desire, but at the present moment there is little but downpour of rain and roads that are as bad as any I have ever seen in Turkey. We have all a grievance against that mysterious personage, the Clerk of the Weather, but my chief anger just now is against those gentlemen who write poetry about the loveliness of spring.

Now that we know for certain the King is an enthusiastic believer in motor-cars, and intends to use them, we shall probably find that motoring—which is an ugly word—will become the great craze among Britishers. In this respect, however, we have lagged behind other countries, especially France. Automobilmism caught on among our Gallic friends in a way that was perfectly startling, and the English visitor to Paris last summer came home not so much impressed with the Exhibition as with the terrific speed at which Frenchmen drive their motors along the boulevards. I see it stated the Chinese Minister in London, Sir Chihchen Lofengluh, is having a special motor-car built, and that he intends to use it for his official visits to the Foreign Office. If the representative of the most conservative nation on earth favours a motor-car, it seems time for Britishers to rub their eyes, wake up, and not be left behind. The only disappointing thing about this proposed Celestial automobile is that it is to be absolutely plain. The Chinese Minister would certainly add to the picturesqueness of our streets if he had his car decorated with long-fanged dragons and his driver rigged out in one of Li Hung Chang's discarded yellow jackets. I see immense possibilities in the way of ornamental motor-cars. At present, they are unpicturesque, and, if Sir Chihchen Lofengluh set the fashion, there is no saying to what point of gaiety and ornamentation we might ultimately reach.

Candidly, this last month or two I have been content with odd half-days of cycling. There is, of course, a fascination about "mud-plugging," which, however, comes upon one only after years of riding. Yet the fascination fades in time, and a cloudy sky and a muddy road frequently decide one to stay at home rather than venture out. I have been up in Scotland this last week, and was again impressed with the magnificent building of the roads compared with the way they are made in the South of England. It may be the fault of the surveyors, it may be the fault of the material, but the point cannot be disputed that the roads in Scotland are infinitely superior to those in the South of England. They seem to be really macadamised, better banked-up, and allow the rain to run off rather than to lie in puddles. One often hears about the rapid disappearance of the "C.T.C." signs from hotel-walls. Standing by the Cross in far-famed Melrose the other day, I found exactly three of these signs within my reach, two attached to hotels and one outside a repairer's shop.

Whenever the President of the French Republic goes for a drive, he has an escort of cyclists. When I saw them last year, they struck me as smart and efficient, but still lacking in the picturesque dash that is usually obtained with the Horse Guard. The German Emperor recently thought it would be a good thing if he, too, had a guard of cyclists when he went out driving. This plan, however, has not been carried through, and so the Kaiser, when he goes out driving, is accompanied by men mounted on horseback, as heretofore.

There is just a possibility that the annual reunion of cyclists in August at Harrogate will not take place this year. If this be so, it is a pity. The Harrogate meet was first arranged by the pioneers in cycling. It has been for many years well and capably managed, and has brought wheelmen together from all parts of the country to spend a week in good-fellowship. Last August, owing to a frightful storm, the camp was seriously injured, and money is wanted to provide further equipment in the way of tents. This, I trust, will be forthcoming, because the Harrogate gathering has always been an interesting event to the world of cyclists, and it would be a thousand pities if it were to die for the want of a few pounds.

To cyclists living in and about London who are speedmen and would like to test their powers against other fast riders, but have no desire to enter the ranks of the professionals, I would recommend an acquaintance with the Anerley Bicycle Club, which arranges amateur races at the Crystal Palace at stated intervals. Racing in former years suffered severely from the professional, who was, in most cases, in the hire of some particular manufacturer. This was not good sport, and, as the Englishman at heart is a true sportsman, he gave up attending professional meetings. So the cry was raised that racing in England was dead. I hope I shall always be able to sing the praises of the Anerley Club for what it is doing to revive racing for the amateur. In my mind, bicycle-racing and boat-racing are twin sports, calling for very much the same qualities. If boat-races are so popular among us, there is no reason why cycle-races should not be the same. I hope, therefore, that the Anerley officials will have every success and that we shall see all over the country a revival of honest amateur racing.

Most purchasers of bicycles concern themselves about the make of the machine and give only a secondary thought to the matter of the saddle. Yet, for genuine comfort, the saddle is certainly almost as important as the machine itself. There are many good saddles on the market, but what may be suitable for one rider does not of necessity suit another. You can no more

say that any particular saddle is good for everybody than you can argue that a particular pair of boots will fit everybody. Accordingly, a little more attention than is given at present should be devoted to the question of saddles.

Probably there is no body of folks in the world so well catered for in the way of hints as the cyclist, unless it be the young lady who is anxious about her complexion. Very curious some of these hints are. One I came across the other day was that, when lambs are particularly frisky, playing about on mounds in a field, that may be taken as a sure sign that rain is about to follow. Well, there are thousands of lambs to be seen in the fields at present; some of them are very frisky, and the weather has certainly been bad. But whether one has anything to do with the other I do not pretend to say.

J. F. F.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS,

WHO APPEARS TO-NIGHT AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE AS JOAN TREVELYAN IN A NEW COMEDY, BY CAPTAIN BASIL HOOD, ENTITLED "SWEET AND TWENTY."

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Publican's Derby.

Perhaps of all the races decided at Epsom that for the Great Metropolitan is the prettiest to watch; the horses can be seen from start to finish, and often the race is one of the most exciting of the spring series. To the uninitiated the course is difficult to make out, as the horses race to



CITY AND SUBURBAN WEEK AT EPSOM: A MERRY COACHING-PARTY.

Tattenham Corner, and, just as the new watchers are looking for them to come down the straight, they take a turn and go up the hill again, only to come round and go for home. That good horse, Parole, won both the City and Suburban and the Great Metropolitan. Tissaphernis won the Great Metropolitan two years in succession, and the bookies caught it warm on the second occasion (1889), for the mare was my special selection on that day. King's Messenger won the race in 1899 and 1900. Cornbury's performance in 1895, in winning with 9 st. 5 lb. in the saddle, was a brilliant one. This horse was a good performer over hurdles, as was Soliman, who won in 1897. The publicans continue to swear by the race, and the publicans' wives patronise the day, but they do not wear all their jewellery, as of old. Neither do they all ride down by road.

The City and Suburban.

One of the most popular handicaps of the spring, from a speculator's point of view, is the City and Suburban. The race generally attracts a big field of good horses, and it is a remarkable fact that on this particular course luck has always come to the aid of the handicapper. When Mr. H. M. Dorling used to frame the handicaps, the critics often spotted a horse that, in their opinion, spoiled the handicap, but the race invariably showed the critics to be wrong. During the last twenty years, not to go farther back, the race has been won by some good horses, notably, Bird of Freedom, Fullerton, Goldseeker, Rêve d'Or, Nunthorpe, Buccaneer, Reminder, and Worcester, among others. Perhaps the two most useful winners of recent years were the Australian horses, Newhaven and The Gaffer. To win with 9 st. and 8 st. 10 lb. respectively, and against such doughty opponents, proves that the "walers" are, at any rate, weight-carriers. The most disappointing luck in connection with the "City," so far as I am concerned, was the win of Goldseeker in 1889. I had given the horse for weeks, but heard on the morning of the race that he was fat, so I threw him over, and, of course, he won in a trot, to my disgust and to the surprise of his owner.



EPSOM DOWNS IN THE CITY AND SUBURBAN WEEK.

The New Steward. Mr. Leonard Brassey, who has been appointed a Steward of the Jockey Club, is one of the handsomest men who go racing. Mr. Brassey is often accompanied by his charming wife, a daughter of the Earl of March, who, in my opinion, was one of the most capable Stewards of our time. Mr. Brassey, I am told, belongs to the reform school of which the Earl of Durham is such an able exponent, so that we may expect to find the Club moving with the times at last. The revising of the Newmarket tariff shows which way the cat is jumping, and I expect other and more serious reforms will follow presently. The Racing Club system in vogue throughout the country has, I take it, proved to the Turf Senators that there is money in racing after all, if the masses as well as the classes are catered for properly. The time is not far distant when, by the aid of cheap trips, the East-Enders will flock to Newmarket Heath in their thousands on the occasion of a big race-day.

Sandown Park.

There should be a big crowd at the Sandown Park Meeting this week, but the attendance is not likely to be so large as it would had it been only possible for any member of Royalty to have put in an appearance at the meeting. Indeed, I am told that the takings at Sandown went up by hundreds of pounds when the Prince of Wales went to the meeting. I hope someone will suggest to Mr. Hwfa Williams to have the band stationed in front of the rings, over by the number-board. It is hard lines on the dwellers in Tattersall's Ring to be told that such-and-such a band will perform at the meeting, only to find that the band can neither be seen nor heard from the betting-rings because the musicians are stationed behind the Royal Box. The racing will be fairly good. I am told Kingthorpe has a chance for the Temple Handicap. This horse belongs to Mr. Southall.



THE GREAT METROPOLITAN: PARADING BEFORE THE RACE.

a Birmingham gentleman, who last year won a lot of money through following the American jockeys. The Guilford Handicap may be won by Thomas Cat, who is, I am told, an improving animal.

The Guineas.

We shall be at Newmarket again next week to see the races for the Two Thousand and the One Thousand Guineas. The First Spring Meeting at Headquarters is always a big draw, and I predict an average attendance, as the classic races are very open this year. The Newmarket horse-watchers are very sweet on the chances of Lord Bobs, who has wintered well. Veles and Orchid have also been backed, and St. Maclou, who won the Forty-Second Biennial, has made many friends. If Lord Quex is sent to the post, I should not look beyond the son of Sir Hugo—Leveret in my search for the winner; but the King's smart colt may be kept for the Derby, in which case I should pick Lord Bobs for the Two Thousand. It is very difficult to say now what will run for the One Thousand. Three of the King's fillies, namely, Lady Lade, Frusquina, and Carolina Duck, were left in, and one of the three may go close. Princess Melton is the favourite for the race. The filly has been supported at 5 to 1 in the Continental lists, and I think she will win. She is by Melton—School Book, and is well bred enough to win anything. The Duke of Portland has several fillies engaged in the race, but I am afraid none of them are quite as good as La Roche was as a three-year-old. The Duke is one of the best supporters of the Turf.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

ALTHOUGH the sun shines and the shops scintillate with colour, we seem slow and loth to part with mourning garments, and the streets still present the externals of a population in mourning, notwithstanding that the time prescribed for our sumptuary sombreness has passed. An occasional cosmopolitan strikes a note of violent colour which seems, as the expressive Gaul put it, "to fly at one's eyes" as we



[Copyright.]

A PRETTY SPRING TOILETTE.

walk along the pavement. But the great effect is still funereal black, broken here and there by splashes of mauve, white, or violet, and it is strongly borne in upon me that the feminine world will not change its moods or modes much before Whitsuntide. We have all got black garments to wear out, for one thing; we have most of us also discovered their becomingness, for another; and it will on both accounts take chiffons of the most tempting to beguile us into the primrose (or other coloured) path of dalliance just at present.

Meanwhile, fashions are being foisted on our not unwilling consideration, of course, one item being the Princess gown, which certainly makes greatly for grace, though it still lacks popularity with the masses in Merry England—by which I mean the masses of the well-dressed, be it understood, in contradistinction to the worthy but unwashed of "another story." Those who shrink from the sheath-shaped ordeal of the Princess, however, will, no doubt, bestow favour on the undying and inevitable bolero, but they must be careful, in the matter of accompanying skirts, to choose those models that are long and enveloping.

An increasing fulness about our feet is the ukase of the mode-makers, and, though not a style conducive to comfort, it is absolutely undeniable as to style and becomingness generally. To have this borne

in on one it is only necessary to glance over the photographs of short-skirted selves or friends taken half-a-dozen years ago, and the disillusionment with straight, short skirts is complete. Braiding as ornamentation is dying the death, manufacturers having applied it too liberally to cheaper materials, with the inevitable result that *nous autres* have dropped it. Strapping, being more difficult of successful application, retains its hold on our affections, and not only is the material of the dress, whether taffetas or cloth, *en vogue*, but suède, panne, and dyed chamois-leather are also pressed into the service of strapping by Viennese, Parisian, and London tailors. The severely cut tailor-made, which we have grown somewhat tired of over here, is now being taken very seriously by the *haut monde* of both these Continental cities aforesaid, and military collars of the Bersaglieri type, with stiff linen collar and cuffs and hunting-stock, are the correct form of the French and Austrian sportswoman. Here, we are more ornamental, the frivolous Fates be thanked, and our jabots, cravats, millinery, and silken petticoats are worn in harmony with glorified tailor-mades to match. Not for quite a generation, in fact, has so much thought been given to the trifles and trimmings and dainty accessories of dress as now. Cravats, jabots, fronts, boas, belts, and other odds-and-ends innumerable of well-finished femininity absorb our thoughts and money with alarming consistency. But the result is undoubtedly good, and beauty adorned to date is undeniably more attractive than when hemmed in by a severer code of dressy ethics. The new belts, it may be mentioned in this connection, are very particularly attractive, coloured silks being worked in floral designs



[Copyright.]

FASHIONABLE GOWN OF MASTIC CLOTH.

with great effect, outlined and veined with gold and silver thread. The notion of cutting out handsome designs in coloured cretonne, and applying them to our dresses and jackets—more particularly when black—is also another device of the ever-alert *couturière*, and inexpressibly charming effects can be easily obtained in this way. I

have just seen a white satin evening-gown, overlaid with trailing wreaths of lilac and leaves, which would put to shame at two poles the finest effect of flower-painting. The flowers and foliage, neatly cut out, and applied with pale-coloured silks and silver thread, were the work of two days, and formed a magnificent decoration. Talking of evening-garments, I wonder how the notion of wearing batiste will catch on? It has been brought forward by a Frenchwoman eager for novelty, and I hear of a particularly soft sort of evening-gown batiste, which in pale colours is pronounced *exquisite*. Tinsel is introduced as a decoration, and the material is double width. Canvas will be liberally used, too, with the before-mentioned cretonne applications, and spring dresses are again figuring forth in the familiar aspects of voile and foulard, both much too useful and intrinsically pretty materials to die without a flourish at the finish.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRIDE (Warrington).—Your list is not an immoderately extravagant one, but would be quite sufficient, as our present ways go, if you added to it an extra half-dozen of smart silk blouses, which you will find most useful for *table d'hôte*. Madame Kinska, of 168, Piccadilly, who is equally noted for her millinery as well as blouses, will do you well in both particulars. For your embroidered handkerchiefs and under-linen, I advise you to try Hanna, of Belfast. His prices are quite moderate, and the embroideries accomplished by this firm are worthy the best traditions of Irish needlecraft. In the matter of gowns, since



[Copyright.]

A NEW AND CHARMING TOQUE.

your maid is so clever, you need only have a few good models from Paris or Paquin. But your tailor-mades should be unimpeachable, and Thomas, of Brook Street, can, in my opinion, hold his own with the smartest Viennese tailors, as you will find when you go to live there.

HOUSE BEAUTIFUL (Sunbury).—I think it always wiser to put one's house, as far as possible, into the hands of one firm, who are then responsible for everything throughout. You will find both economy and artistic accomplishment united in the firm of Messrs. Norman and Stacey, 118, Queen Victoria Street, who, besides, are the originators of that widely imitated instalment plan by which you can spread your payments over one, two, or three years, and at the same time have the advantage of moderation in prices and highly trained taste. SYBIL.

The Great Northern Railway Literary Society's fifteenth annual smoking-concert was a great success at the Queen's Hall. The chair was taken by genial Sir Henry Oakley, for many years General Manager of the Company, and now a Director and Chairman of the Central London Railway. The proceedings were opened by the singing of the National Anthem. Among the assemblage were the following gentlemen: MM. Charles Steel (General Manager), J. W. Brooks (Mineral Manager), Henry Walker (Assistant Secretary), J. Alexander (Superintendent of the Line), A. Ross (Chief Engineer), T. Braines (City Manager), and Commander Wells (Metropolitan Fire Brigade). Miss May Furniss rendered "Poor Wandering One" (Sullivan) charmingly, and Miss Edna Thornton gave much pleasure with two songs. Mr. Will Edwards won applause with his turns, "Advertisements" and "The Conversazione." Dr. Byrd-Page's patter added to the enjoyment of his magical performance. Mr. Gus Elen set the assemblage in a roar by his singing of "My Next-Door Neighbour's Gardin" and "Becos' She 'as an 'Andle to 'Er Name." Miss Winifred Wynne contributed "Dear Heart" (Sullivan); Mr. J. Carte Ellis, "The Holy City" (Adams), as a cornet-solo; Mr. Walter Churcher a humorous recitation, and Mr. Barclay Gammon a musical sketch. Sir Henry Oakley praised the Great Northern Literary Society for what the members had accomplished, pointing out that it had now been in existence for nearly fifty years.

A GIFT-BOOK ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FURNISS'S DAUGHTER.

GENIUS is certainly hereditary in the case of Miss Dorothy Furniss, the clever daughter of Mr. Harry Furniss, the popular caricaturist. Those familiar with Mr. Furniss's drawings are aware that, when he rested awhile from his favourite occupation of exaggerating the collars or cuffs or features of some great political personage, he could find relaxation



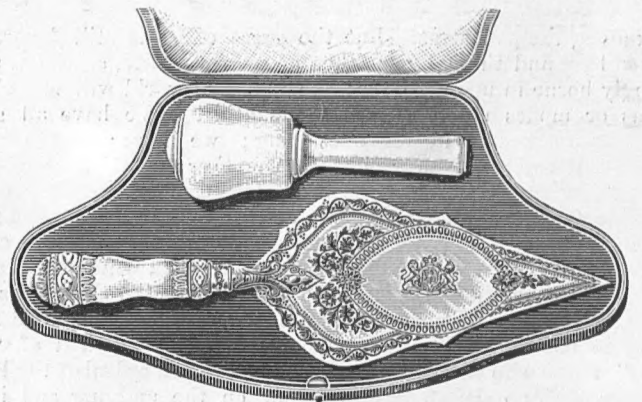
"ASTONISHMENT BANISHED THE HOSE AND HIS STORY FROM HER MIND."

A Drawing by Miss Dorothy Furniss, reproduced by permission from "Cuckoo," a "Novel for Children," by S. Ashton.

for his facile pencil in sketching the most graceful and charming of girls. Some of his quaintness and drollery, but more of his "line of beauty," will be found in his daughter Dorothy's admirable drawings illustrating a delightful new fairy story by S. Ashton, the title of which is given under the electro printed as a specimen of her work. How well the wildest imagination, guided by Humour and Good-Humour (best when found united), is relished by young people has been proved afresh this past winter by the remarkable and deserved success of "Alice in Wonderland" and "As in a Looking-Glass," set so sweetly to music by Walter Slaughter, at the Vaudeville, with fair and pretty Ellaline Terriss as the vivacious heroine. Well, "Cuckoo" is framed on the same lines, and should prove an excellent birthday-gift for an intelligent child. Artist and writer work congenially. *The Sketch* begs to congratulate Miss Dorothy Furniss particularly on the felicity and grace of her designs for "Cuckoo," the sale of which the publishers, Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., of Stationers' Hall Court, E.C., must find satisfactorily large.

H.M. DOCKYARD EXTENSION WORKS, GIBRALTAR.

The last concrete block in the detached mole, Gibraltar (weighing twenty-three tons), was laid by H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall and York, accompanied by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cornwall and York.



TROWEL AND MALLET USED BY THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

The trowel and mallet which were used by His Royal Highness on the occasion were presented by the contractors, Messrs. Topham, Jones, and Railton, and were modelled and designed by the Royal Silversmiths, Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Oxford Street, W., and Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 13.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer's statement as to the new issue of Consols has cleared the air, and is pretty generally approved in the City. The investor would, no doubt, have preferred a 3 per cent. loan, repayable in a few years, but the market was quite prepared for the form in which Sir Michael has decided to obtain what the nation requires, and there should be no difficulty in getting the £60,000,000 which he intends to ask for at the issue price of 94½.

Our remarks last week as to the outlook for the River Plate Railways appear to be in accord with the views of Mr. Frank Parish, the Chairman of the Buenos Ayres Great Southern, whose speech at the meeting was of the most optimistic character. Without going as far as Mr. Parish, we cannot shut our eyes to the prospects of good grain and wool traffics and the generally favourable outlook for all things Argentine. We regard, however, the stock of the Argentine Great Southern as among the dearest of the Railways, especially since the late rise.

The sporting element in the House held high carnival at the Point-to-Point Meeting this afternoon at Harefield, and our artist has sent us a hasty sketch of three of the best-known supporters of the gathering, who will be recognised without difficulty by anyone who knows "Who is Who" upon the Stock Exchange. Mr. J. G. Bulteel scored a popular win in the Light-weight Challenge Cup with Goldfinch, but in the corresponding race for Heavy-weights the favourite could only get second to Solitude, ridden by his owner, Mr. J. F. Stevens. The crack jockey was unable to ride a winner.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

The prominent feature of the Foreign Market continues to be the strength of Argentine and Brazilian Government stocks. There is no sign of slackening interest in either. Brazils are being bought upon the assumption that payment of the coupons in specie may be resumed at an earlier date than was expected, and the Minas Loan is particularly well supported. Stock Exchange talk puts prices of both Argentines and Brazils considerably higher, despite the recent rise, and we should not care to counsel sales in the present buoyant state of the market. We have repeatedly advised the purchase of Argentine Rescission Bonds and Brazil Funding at much lower prices, and those of our readers who acted in accordance with our suggestion can calmly wait for better things yet.

A large amount of interest is being displayed in Turks, and the prospect of a five-point rise in Group Threes is eagerly canvassed. The price is now about 26½, and there is good reason for supposing that it may justify market anticipations. The Greek group is languid, and very little attention is paid in these latter days to the erstwhile lively Spanish. But Mexican Bonds are coming to the fore, as they well deserve to do, and the 5 per cent. Loan at anything under par is a good investment. The Budget, of course, made no difference to the Foreign Market; it did not even scare Transvaal Fives, although some disappointment was expressed—perhaps prematurely—at the absence of any official announcement with regard to the future of these Bonds, which still keep some three points above par. Last year, it will be remembered, the price dipped at one time to 96. German Threes have recovered their first weakness at the sight of the new Loan. Those who make a study of curiosities should notice that, while French Three per Cent. Rentes stand at 101, the Teutonic Threes are nearly 15 points lower.

WEST AUSTRALIANS.

From a dry and dreary wilderness the West Australian Market has blossomed into something like life again, and it is reported that one firm of dealers made as much as ten pounds in a single day. The story was received with marked scepticism by other jobbers, but there is certainly more doing in Kangaroos than has been the case for many weeks, and

tips are rife. The ostensible causes for the recovery are the success of the Diehl process and the rich developments reported by the Lake View Company. A very small amount of professional support was all that was necessary to drive market bears to safer ground, but the improvement has hardly yet been put on a permanent base. Doubtless, the day approaches for a partial restoration of public confidence in Westralians, but we fear its coming must tarry for a while. Some relief will be afforded by the Special Settlement in Rosslands and Kootenays, for which there is now no more reason for delay. Once these dreaded "Specials" are out of the way, the market will be able to breathe a little more freely, but not until the Committee of the Stock Exchange have made a definite move in the matter do we look for any return of sound business in Westralian shares.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS.

"I say, Brokie," began The Jobber, with a glitter in his eye that looked like mischief.

"Say what you desire," returned The Broker magnanimously; "only do let it be sensible for once!"

"When—er—when's that slump in Yankees coming off which you were so cocksure about?"

"Ah, yes!" chimed in some of the others; "it's lucky we aren't all bears of N. P. Common or Louisville. Do tell us when your promised reaction may be expected."

The Broker almost sobbed. "Now, look here," he appealingly commenced; "when a man makes a mistake about a market, why don't you—?"

"Forgive and forget, Brokie?"

"No, not that exactly. What I meant to say was, why don't you try to remember all the good things he has told you about and let him down lightly? If a fellow makes a mistake, there's a jeering crowd collects around him; when he puts his friends into a jolly good spec., they all pat themselves on the back for having been so 'cute as to go in for it. 'Pon my word, it's enough to choke off a man's longing to benefit his fellow-creatures."

"My dear friend!" interposed The Banker, "you have evacuated a difficult position with some address, and these gentlemen are only what we used to call 'pulling your leg.' And, of course, American Railroad shares must decline in value at some time or another."

"Must confess that they show precious few signs of doing it at present," The Broker admitted. "I'm half inclined to say buy 'em even now."

"Far too dangerous a game, old chap!" remarked The Engineer. "The best

thing you can do in Yankees now is to let them alone."

"By the way," put in The City Editor; "one of my correspondents asked me the other day whether the new United States Steel Corporation stock was any good for an investment. They deal in it over here, I believe?" he interrogated.

"Rather!" resumed the now cheerful Broker. "There's the Deferred and the Preferred, you know."

"How about the latter as an investment?" continued the thirsty City Editor.

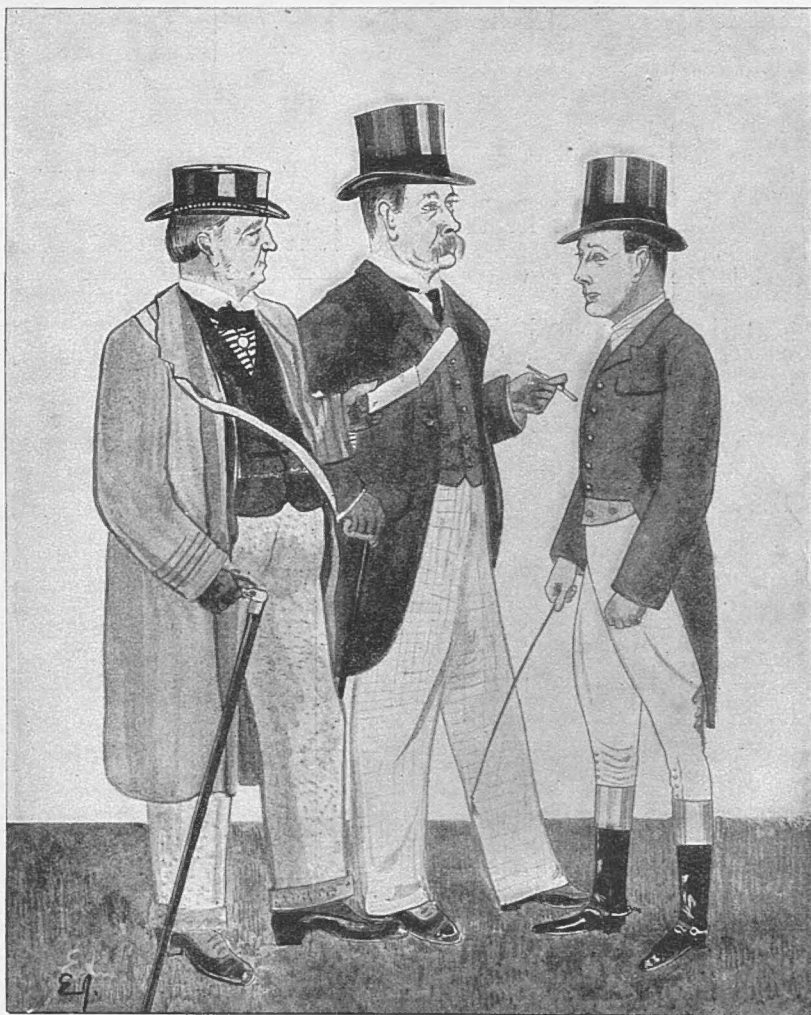
"Well," returned The Broker, "it is somewhat speculative, of course; in fact, it won't suit the maiden aunt, although the country clergyman would be delighted with it."—"Speculative lot, those country clerics!" he parenthesised—"The Preferred carries a 7 per cent. Cumulative dividend, and you can buy the stuff over here at a shade under 98. If the Corporation turns out a success—"

"Which may the gods forbid!" murmured The Engineer.

"—there ought to be a twenty-point rise in the stock. Otherwise—," and he paused significantly.

"Then you would describe it as a speculative investment of the second grade, which possesses good inherent possibilities of an advance in capital value?" rattled The City Editor.

"May I ask how many times you have written that?" inquired The Broker.



An Hon. Yankee Jobber. The Hon. Secretary. The Crack Rider.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE POINT-TO-POINT MEETING: IN THE PADDOCK.

"Pooh!" put in The Jobber. "That's what Solomon said when the Queen of Sheba asked whether she should sell her camels and buy Chart—I mean, Rhodesians. And the newspapers have gone on saying it ever since."

The City Editor looked reproachfully at the flippant speaker, and turned the conversation to the Budget.

"I've seen worse," commented The Merchant; "but we in Mincing Lane are somewhat up in arms against the sugar tax. Wish the Chancellor had pitched upon something else."

"The country can stand it right enough," was The Broker's confident affirmation. "The ladies don't like it, though. What did your wife say to it?" he asked The Jobber.

"She said nothing at all," was the response. "She simply 'sugar' head."

"Air! Give us air!" gasped The Engineer, seizing the window-strap.

"The Coal Companies must surely feel the effects of the Budget?" surmised The Banker.

"They won't hurt. The shareholders have done splendidly during the last eighteen months, and can afford to see their dividends drop off a bit. Besides, the tax might quite conceivably help their balance-sheets, instead of the reverse."

"Possibly," replied The Engineer. "I fancy, though, that the bumper days for Vickers, Armstrongs, and suchlike are over for the present. I sold all my shares the other day, although I am expecting to get them back cheaper in twelve months or so."

"For a good Industrial investment, commend me to Hope Brothers Preference," said The Merchant.

"Excellent in its way," agreed The Broker, "but not much spring in it. I rather have an idea that the Russian Oil market is going to pick up, and those who like a large return, with a certain amount of risk, might pick up Russian Petroleums or Schibaieff Ordinary. They pay better than West Africans, anyway."

"I don't believe in that market," observed The City Editor.

"Not? Well, perhaps, it may collapse some day, but for the moment there is lots of vitality about it."

"What's your latest tip in Jungles?" The Engineer wanted to know.

"Fanti Consols," he promptly replied. "They look pretty high at 3½ prem., with only 10s. paid, but, as a gamble, I believe in them. Only as a gamble, mind," he added warningly.

The Banker laid down his *Times* with a sigh. "I cannot decide in which security to place some Trust money which has come in my direction," he complained.

"How about the New Vic. Threes?" suggested the resourceful Broker. "They are a strict Trust investment, stand at 94½ fully paid, and are certainly worth par in normal days."

"Thank you," answered The Banker, making a note in his little pocket-book. "I will inquire further into the matter. Queensland Three per Cents, I think you said?"

"No; Victoria Threes," corrected Throgmorton Street. "Pray don't get the stocks mixed, sir."

"Such interest is too low for me," laughed The Engineer. "Can't afford to get only 3¼ per cent. with the income-tax standing at one-and-twopence. It is only you Stock Exchange men to whom it will make no difference."

"You are quite right there," mournfully The Jobber remarked. "We shan't feel it, because our incomes will soon become so small that we shall be able to recover the whole of the tax under the exemption arrangement. Good-morning, gentlemen all."

Saturday, April 20, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

A. T. S.—We do not like the Omnibus shares. You would be far safer if you bought *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. Preference at about 3½. These shares will yield you over 6 per cent., and we know the company is doing well.

H. W. R. C.—Your letter was fully answered on the 18th inst.

POBRE.—(1) A reasonable Industrial risk. (2) You cannot lose your money in the railway you propose; but it looks as if they might go lower yet, and the yield at present price is not high. (3) You do not say what sort of Debentures you want. Grand Trunk 4 per cent. Debentures, Inter-oceanic of Mexico 5 per cent. Prior Lien bonds, De Beers, or United States Brewing Company 6 per cent. Debentures are all of their kind good enough.

EXMOOR.—(1) Good enough. There was default some years ago, but not under the present management. (2) A first-rate investment, but repayable at par in 1908. The 6 per cent. loan, repayable in 1925, is better and cheaper, considering the rate of interest. (3) This Corporation stock is quite safe. The price is low because Corporation loans are out of fashion. (4) More speculative than any of the foregoing, but a very reasonable investment. (5) The concern was over-capitalised, and has felt the effect of increased taxation. We have a poor opinion of the shares.

W. L.—As a gamble, perhaps they may be worth buying, but we very much doubt it. There may be a rise when the coal is reached, but everybody is waiting for this to get out. Too many touts are engaged in trying to sell the shares to make us inclined to advise a gamble.

AGAG.—(1) Certainly have nothing to do with either the people or the shares they recommend. (2) You have no rights left, and are quite as well without them, for they are of no value.

A. T. S.—Very much of a gamble on what will happen in the next few months.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" PHOTOGRAVURES AND FINE-ART PLATES.



KING EDWARD VII. OPENING HIS FIRST PARLIAMENT.

We shall shortly publish this as a Companion Photogravure to the one, now all sold, entitled "The Queen Listening to a Despatch." It will be engraved in the same excellent manner and the size and price will be similar—namely, 37 by 27 in. with mount, 10s. 6d. each, and Artist's Proofs, £1 1s.

BENJAMIN-CONSTANT'S GREAT PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Exhibited at the Paris Exhibition.



Ready shortly, 100 Coloured Photogravures, all proofs, at 20 guineas each; 500 Photogravures, all Artist's Proofs, at £10 10s. each, now nearly all subscribed; unsigned proofs, also limited, at £5 5s.; Prints, £3 3s.

The Portrait of the late Queen, by M. Benjamin-Constant, is to appear at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy this season by command of His Majesty the King.

New Illustrated List sent gratis on application to Photogravure Department, 198, Strand, W.C.

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